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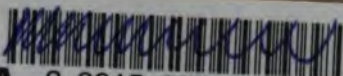
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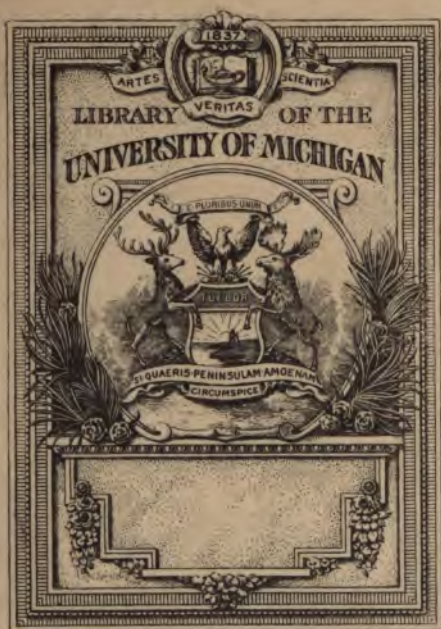
GOLDEN TREASURY

OF SONGS AND LYRICS

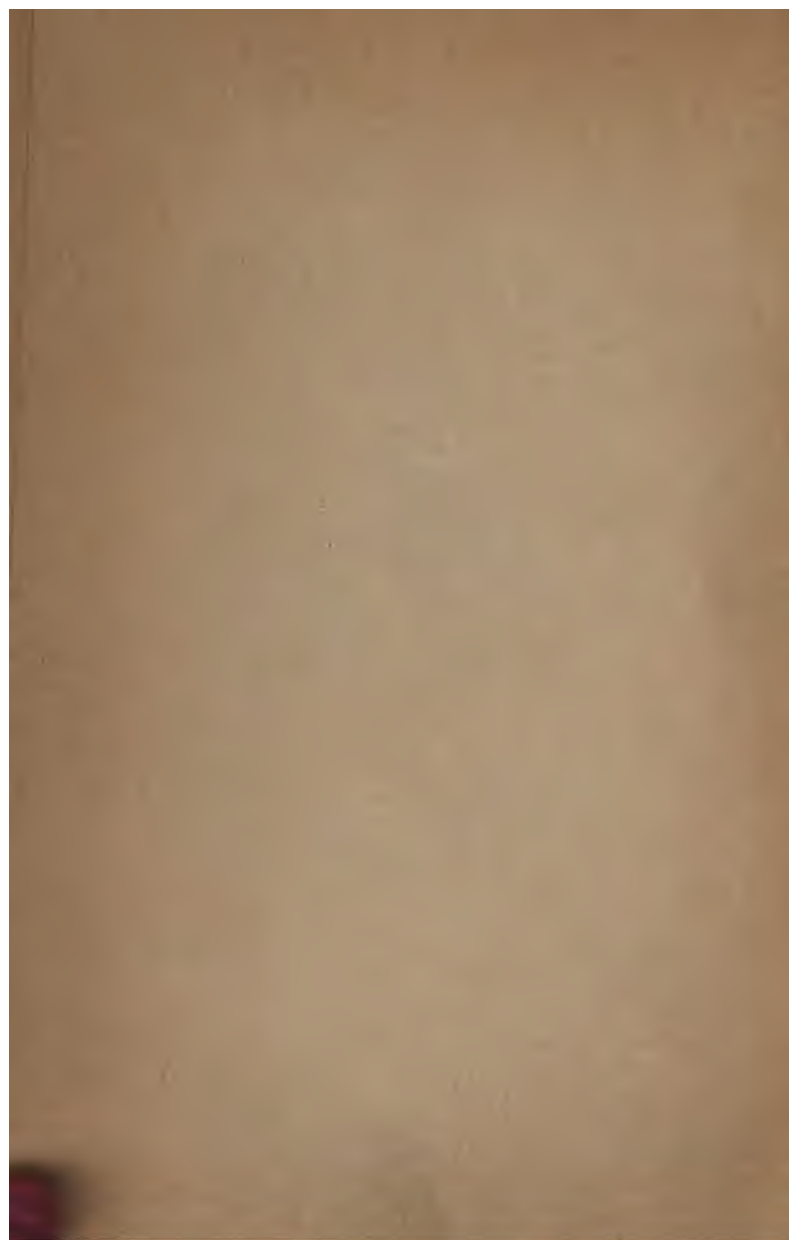
Book Third

FOWLER





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**PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY
OF SONGS AND LYRICS**

BOOK THIRD

**PALGRAVE'S GOLDEN TREASURY
OF SONGS AND LYRICS**

BOOK THIRD



Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics

Book Third

(Eighteenth Century)

11873

Edited with Notes

By
J. H. Fowler, M.A.

Assistant Master at Clifton College

London

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EDITOR'S PREFACE

FROM the beginnings of civilisation the poets have been the best of educators; and the need for the kind of education which poetry alone can give does not grow less as knowledge advances and the claims of other studies threaten more and more to absorb attention. No apology is required, therefore, for turning to school use the best collection that has been made, or is likely to be made, of the English and Scottish lyric poetry of the eighteenth century.

Some defence, however, may be looked for from the commentator who has the presumption to seem to stand between the poets and their reader. Perhaps he would be thought to quibble if he met the charge with a denial of the fact, and urged that, in literal truth, he comes in these pages after the poets and not before them. Such is, indeed, the place he wishes to occupy: to be read after the poems, and in no case until the poem commented upon has been read with care and intelligence.

If this defence be insufficient, he can only repeat what he has said already in the similar edition of *Book Fourth*; that he does, here in his Preface, honestly "warn the student that the text is the one thing of importance,

and the value of the notes wholly subsidiary ; that he urges him to read the poems first, and the notes (if at all) afterwards, and the poems again many times ; and that, finally, he has tried, even in writing notes, to bear in mind the principle that the poets are the best interpreters of themselves and of each other." The advice of one or two critics of the edition of *Book Fourth*, that the notes should be kept at one level, he has not felt himself able to follow. He has had in view the requirements of more than one class of reader ; and he holds that a commentary is not intended, any more than a dictionary, to be read through by one person.

The Editor has again to thank Mr. R. H. Inglis Palgrave, acting in the absence from England of Mr. Frank Palgrave, for permission to annotate this volume. Further work upon the *Golden Treasury* leads him to value this privilege more highly than ever. In the preface to *Book Fourth* he quoted the testimony to Mr. F. T. Palgrave's selection given by a recent anthologist, Mr. Quiller-Couch. He may be permitted this time to cite the equally emphatic words in which Professor Courthope, in his inaugural lecture at Oxford, referred to the *Golden Treasury* as "a work of Greek beauty, which will always remain as a monument of the critical refinement and the large sympathy of my predecessor, Francis Palgrave."

Mr. Inglis Palgrave has, as in the case of *Book Fourth*, added to his kindness by reading the notes and making suggestions ; and the Editor has again to thank his friend and colleague, Mr. S. T. Irwin, for the like

favour. Two other friends, Professor Rowley and Mr. W. T. Arnold, have responded with their un-failing kindness to requests for enlightenment on particular points. In the annotation of Gray much help has been obtained from Mr. Tovey's scholarly edition and from Dr. Bradshaw's volume in this series. For the Index of Words the Editor is indebted to his wife.

J. H. FOWLER.

CLIFTON COLLEGE,
December 1902.



MR. PALGRAVE'S
PREFACE TO THE GOLDEN TREASURY

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language (save a very few regretfully omitted on account of length), by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with; many also which should be familiar:—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly

dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's *Elegy*, the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, Wordsworth's *Ruth* or Campbell's *Lord Ullin*, might be claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to *Ballads* and *Sonnets*, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem—that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgment, besides the distinguished person¹ addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that one-sidedness which must beset individual decisions;—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

¹ Alfred Tennyson, Poet Laureate.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through; and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances where a stanza or passage has been omitted. These omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity; and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists; and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passage between old and new, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I. to the ninety years closing about 1616, II. thence to 1700, III. to 1800, IV. to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry. A rigidly

chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the wisdom which comes through pleasure:—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity as “episodes,” in the noble language of Shelley, “to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.”

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgments on Poetry to “the selected few of many generations.” Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it: and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery of expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required,—better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of

even mediocre poetry, for how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures "more golden than gold," leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

1861.

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THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK THIRD

1.

CLII.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
She woos the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green. 5

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light. 10 15

Yesterday the suilen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis Man alone that joy describes
With forward and reverted eyes. 20

Smiles on past misfortune's brow	25
Soft reflection's hand can trace,	
And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw	
A melancholy grace ;	
While hope prolongs our happier hour	
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour	30
And blacken round our weary way,	
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.	
Still, where rosy pleasure leads,	
See a kindred grief pursue ;	
Behind the steps that misery treads	35
Approaching comfort view :	
The hues of bliss more brightly glow	
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,	
And blended form, with artful strife,	
The strength and harmony of life.	40
See the wretch that long has tost	
On the thorny bed of pain,	
At length repair his vigour lost	
And breathe and walk again :	
The meanest floweret of the vale,	45
The simplest note that swells the gale,	
The common sun, the air, the skies,	
To him are opening Paradise. •	

T. Gray

ODE TO SIMPLICITY

CLIII.

O Thou, by Nature taught	
To breathe her genuine thought	
In numbers warmly pure, and sweetly strong ;	
Who first, on mountains wild,	
In Fancy, loveliest child,	5
Thy babe, or Pleasure's, nursed the powers of song !	
Thou, who with hermit heart,	
Disdain'st the wealth of art,	
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,	
But com'st, a decent maid	10
In Attic robe array'd,	
O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call !	

By all the honey'd store
 On Hybla's thymy shore,
 By all her blooms and mingled murmurs dear ; 15
 By her whose love-lorn woe
 In evening musings slow
 Soothed sweetly sad Electra's poet's ear :

By old Cephisus deep,
 Who spread his wavy sweep 20
 In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat ;
 On whose enamell'd side,
 When holy freedom died,
 No equal haunt allured thy future feet :—

O sister meek of Truth, 25
 To my admiring youth
 Thy sober aid and native charms infuse !
 The flowers that sweetest breathe,
 Though Beauty cull'd the wreath,
 Still ask thy hand to range their order'd hues. 30

While Rome could none esteem
 But Virtue's patriot theme,
 You loved her hills, and led her laureat band ;
 But stay'd to sing alone
 To one distinguish'd throne ; 35
 And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.

No more, in hall or bower,
 The passions own thy power ;
 Love, only Love, her forceless numbers mean :
 For thou hast left her shrine ; 40
 Nor olive more, nor vine,
 Shall gain thy feet to bless the servile scene.

Though taste, though genius, bless
 To some divine excess,
 Faints the cold work till thou inspire the whole ; 45
 What each, what all supply
 May court, may charm our eye ;
 Thou, only thou, canst raise the meeting soul !

Of these let others ask
 To aid some mighty task ; 50
 I only seek to find thy temperate vale ;

Where oft my reed might sound
 To maids and shepherds round,
 And all thy sons, O Nature ! learn my tale.

W. Collins

3.

SOLITUDE

CLIV.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
 Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
 Together mixt, sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
 Thus unlamented let me die ;
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

A. Pope

4.

THE BLIND BOY

CLV.

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
 Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
 What are the blessings of the sight,
 O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see, 5
 You say the sun shines bright ;
 I feel him warm, but how can he
 Or make it day or night ?

BOOK THIRD

5

My day or night myself I make
 Whene'er I sleep or play ;
 And could I ever keep awake
 With me 'twere always day. 10

With heavy sighs I often hear
 You mourn my hapless woe ;
 But sure with patience I can bear
 A loss I ne'er can know. 15

Then let not what I cannot have
 My cheer of mind-destroy :
 Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
 Although a poor blind boy. 20

C. Cibber

5.

CLVI.

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF
 GOLD FISHES .

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
 Where China's gayest art had dyed
 The azure flowers that blow,
 Demurest of the tabby kind
 The pensive Selima, reclined,
 Gazed on the lake below. 5

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,
 The velvet of her paws,
 Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes—
 She saw, and purr'd applause. 10

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,
 The Genii of the stream :
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
 Through richest purple, to the view
 Betray'd a golden gleam. 15

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
 A whisker first, and then a claw ;
 With many an ardent wish 20

BOOK THIRD

7

To the mother-linnet's note
 Moduling her slender throat ;
 Chirping forth thy petty joys,
 Wanton in the change of toys, 20
 Like the linnet green, in May
 Flitting to each bloomy spray ;
 Wearied then and glad of rest,
 Like the linnet in the nest :—
 This thy present happy lot, 25
 This, in time will be forgot :
 Other pleasures, other cares,
 Ever-busy Time prepares ;
 And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
 This picture, once, resembled thee. 30

A. Philips

7.

CLVIII.

RULE BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
 Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves ! 5
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
 The dread and envy of them all. 10

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ; 15
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame,
 And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine ; 20
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd 25
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
 Rule, Britannia ! Britannia rules the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves !

J. Thomson

THE BARD

Pindaric Ode

‘Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
 Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 Tho’ fann’d by Conquest’s crimson wing
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk’s twisted mail, 5
 Nor e’en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria’s curse, from Cambria’s tears !’
 —Such were the sounds that o’er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter’d wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon’s shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array :—
 Stout Glo’ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
 ‘To arms !’ cried Mortimer, and couch’d his quivering lance.
 On a rock, whose haughty brow 15
 Frowns o’er old Conway’s foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
 (Loose his beard and hoary hair
 Stream’d like a meteor to the troubled air) 20
 And with a master’s hand and prophet’s fire
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :
 ‘Hark, how each giant-oak and desert-cave
 Sighs to the torrent’s awful voice beneath !
 O’er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave, 25
 Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 Vocal no more, since Cambria’s fatal day,
 To high-born Hoel’s harp, or soft Llewellyn’s lay.
 ‘Cold is Cadwallo’s tongue,
 That hush’d the stormy main : 30
 Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :

- Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 Modred, whose magic song
 Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 On dreary Arvon's shore they lie 35
 Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale :
 Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
 The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
 Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
 Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
 No more I weep ; They do not sleep ;
 On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
 I see them sit ; They linger yet, 45
 Avengers of their native land :
 With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.
- Weave the warp and weave the woof,
 The winding sheet of Edward's race : 50
 Give ample room and verge enough
 The characters of hell to trace.
 Mark the year, and mark the night,
 When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roof that ring, 55
 Shrieks of an agonizing king !
 She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 That tear't the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of heaven ! What terrors round him wait ! 60
 Amazement in his van, with flight combined,
 And sorrow's faded form, and solitude behind.*
- ' Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 No pitying heart, no eye, afford 65
 A tear to grace his obsequies.
 Is the sable warrior fled ?
 Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
 The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 —Gone to salute the rising morn. 70*
- Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
 While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes :
 Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm :*

- Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
That hush'd in grim repose expects his evening prey.* 75
- ‘*Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair* 80
*Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,* 85
*And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head !* 90
*Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurs'd loom,* 95
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.
- ‘*Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof ; The thread is spun ;)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove ; The work is done.)* 100
—*Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height* 105
*Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll ?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail :—
All hail, ye genuine kings ! Britannia's issue, hail !* 110
- ‘*Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !* 115
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line :

Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play ? 120
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
 Waves in the eye of heaven her many-colour'd wings.

 'The verse adorn again 125
 Fierce war, and faithful love,
 And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
 In buskin'd measures move
 Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
 With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
 A voice as of the cherub-choir
 Gales from blooming Eden bear
 And distant warblings lessen on my ear
 That lost in long futurity expire.
 Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud 135
 Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day ?
 To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
 And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 Enough for me : with joy I see
 The different doom our fates assign : 140
 Be thine despair and sceptred care,
 To triumph and to die are mine.'
 —He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

T. Gray

9.

ODE WRITTEN IN 1746

CLX.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
 Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod 5
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung :

There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay ; 10
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there !

W. Collins

10.

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

CLXI.

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
 Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
 For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
 And aye the saut tear blins her ee :
 Drumossie moor—Drumossie day— 5
 A waefu' day it was to me !
 For there I lost my father dear,
 My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet in the bluidy clay, 10
 Their graves are growing green to see :
 And by them lies the dearest lad
 That ever blest a woman's ee !
 Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
 A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
 For mony a heart thou hast made sair 15
 That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

R. Burns

11.

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

CLXII.

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
 Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day ;
 But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.
 At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning, 5
 Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
 Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
 Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.
 In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
 Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and gray ; 10
 At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
 'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play ;
 But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie— 15
 The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
 The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
 The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
 The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay. 20

We'll hear nae mair liltin' at the ewe-milkin' ;
 Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
 Sighin' and moanin' on ilka green loanin'—
 The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. Elliott

12.

THE BRAES OF YARROW

CLXIII.

Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
 When first on them I met my lover ;
 Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
 When now thy waves his body cover !
 For ever now, O Yarrow stream ! 5
 Thou art to me a stream of sorrow ;
 For never on thy banks shall I
 Behold my Love, the flower of Yarrow !

He promised me a milk-white steed
 To bear me to his father's bowers ; 10
 He promised me a little page
 To squire me to his father's towers ;
 He promised me a wedding-ring,—
 The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow ;—
 Now he is wedded to his grave, 15
 Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow !

Sweet were his words when last we met ;
 My passion I as freely told him ;
 Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
 That I should never more behold him ! 20
 Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost ;
 It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow ;
 Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
 And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

His mother from the window look'd 25
 With all the longing of a mother ;
 His little sister weeping walk'd
 The green-wood path to meet her brother ;
 They sought him east, they sought him west,
 They sought him all the forest thorough ; 30
 They only saw the cloud of night,
 They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

No longer from thy window look—
 Thou hast no son, thou tender mother !
 No longer walk, thou lovely maid ; 35
 Alas, thou hast no more a brother !
 No longer seek him east or west
 And search no more the forest thorough ;
 For, wandering in the night so dark,
 He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow. 40

The tear shall never leave my cheek,
 No other youth shall be my marrow—
 I'll seek thy body in the stream,
 And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.
 —The tear did never leave her cheek, 45
 No other youth became her marrow ;
 She found his body in the stream,
 And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

J. Logan

WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW

CLXIV.

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
 Where bonnie grows the lily,
 I heard a fair maid sighing say,
 'My wish be wi' sweet Willie !
 'Willie's rare, and Willie's fair, 5
 And Willie's wondrous bonny ;
 And Willie hecht to marry me
 Gin e'er he married ony.
 'O gentle wind, that bloweth south,
 From where my Love repaireth, 10
 Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
 And tell me how he fareth !

BOOK THIRD

15

'O tell sweet Willie to come doun
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging. 15

'The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow ;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow. 20

'O Leader haughs are wide and braid
And Yarrow haughs are bonny ;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony.

'But Willie's gone, whom I thought on, 25
And does not hear me weeping ;
Draws many a tear frae true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.

'Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narrow, 30
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lie twined o' my marrow.

'O came ye by yon water-side ?
Pou'd you the rose or lily ?
Or came you by yon meadow green, 35
Or saw you my sweet Willie ?'

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow ;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow ! 40

Anon

14.

CLXV.

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave, 5
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ; 10
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought, 15
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock. 20

His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

—Weigh the vessel up 25
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingled with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again 30
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred 35
Shall plough the wave no more.

W. Cowper

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
'O' where shall I my true love find !

17

5

10

15

20

25

35

40

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosom spread,
 No longer must she stay aboard ; 45
 They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
 Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
 'Adieu !' she cries ; and waved her lily hand.

J. Gay

16.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

CLXVII.

Of all the girls that are so smart
 There's none like pretty Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.
 There is no lady in the land 5
 Is half so sweet as Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
 And through the streets does cry 'em ; 10
 Her mother she sells laces long
 To such as please to buy 'em :
 But sure such folks could ne'er beget
 So sweet a girl as Sally !
 She is the darling of my heart, 15
 And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
 I love her so sincerely ;
 My master comes like any Turk,
 And bangs me most severely— 20
 But let him bang his bellyful,
 I'll bear it all for Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week 25
 I dearly love but one day—
 And that's the day that comes betwixt
 A Saturday and Monday ;
 For then I'm drest all in my best
 To walk abroad with Sally ; 30
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

BOOK THIRD

19

My master carries me to church,
 And often am I blamed
 Because I leave him in the lurch 35
 As soon as text is named ;
 I leave the church in sermon-time
 And slink away to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley. 40

When Christmas comes about again,
 O then I shall have money ;
 I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
 I'll give it to my honey :
 I would it were ten thousand pound, 45
 I'd give it all to Sally ;
 She is the darling of my heart,
 And she lives in our alley.

My masters and the neighbours all
 Make game of me and Sally, 50
 And, but for her, I'd better be
 A slave and row a galley ;
 But when my seven long years are out,
 O then I'll marry Sally,—
 O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed... 55
 But not in our alley !

H. Carey

17.

CLXVIII.

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
 An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
 That I may drink before I go
 A service to my bonnie lassie ;
 The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith, 5
 Fu' loud the wind blows frae the ferry,
 The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
 And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly
 The glittering spears are rankèd ready ; 10
 The shouts o' war are heard afar,
 The battle closes thick and bloody ;

But it's not the roar o' sea or shore
 Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
 Nor shout o' war that's heard afar—
 It's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary. 15

R. Burns

18.

CLXIX.

If doughty deeds my lady please
 Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
 And strong his arm, and fast his seat
 That bears frae me the need.
 I'll wear thy colours in my cap 5
 Thy picture at my heart ;
 And he that bends not to thine eye
 Shall rue it to his smart !
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
 O tell me how to woo thee ! 10
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
 I'll dight me in array ;
 I'll tend thy chamber door all night, 15
 And squire thee all the day.
 If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
 These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
 Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
 That voice that nane can match. 20

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
 I never broke a vow ;
 Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
 I never loved but you.
 For you alone I ride the ring, 25
 For you I wear the blue ;
 For you alone I strive to sing,
 O tell me how to woo !
 Then tell me how to woo thee, Love ;
 O tell me how to woo thee ! 30
 For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take
 Tho' ne'er another trow me.

R. Graham of Gartmore

19.

TO A YOUNG LADY

CLXX.

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
 Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
 Silent and chaste she steals along,
 Far from the world's gay busy throng :
 With gentle yet prevailing force, 5
 Intent upon her destined course ;
 Graceful and useful all she does,
 Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
 Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
 And Heaven reflected in her face. 10

W. Cowper

20.

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

CLXXI.

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
 Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
 Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
 And move, and breathe delicious sighs !

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks 5
 And mantle o'er her neck of snow :
 Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
 What most I wish—and fear to know !

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
 Her fair hands folded on her breast : 10
 —And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
 A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above controul
 Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee :
 And may the secret of thy soul 15
 Remain within its sanctuary !

S. Rogers

21.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
 An unrelenting foe to Love,
 And when we meet a mutual heart
 Come in between, and bid us part ?

CLXXII.

Bid us sigh on from day to day, 5
 And wish and wish the soul away ;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou
 To bind the loveless joyless vow, 10
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
 And I absolve thy future care ;
 All other blessings I resign, 15
 Make but the dear Amanda mine.

J. Thomson

22.

CLXXIII.

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
 Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre 5
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
 When Cloe noted her desire
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
 But with my numbers mix my sighs 10
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd .
 I sung, and gazed ; I play'd, and trembled :
 And Venus to the Loves around 15
 Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

M. Prior

23.

CLXXIV.

LOVE'S SECRET

Never seek to tell thy love,
 Love that never told can be ;
 For the gentle wind doth move
 Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love, 5
 I told her all my heart,
 Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears :—
 Ah ! she did depart.

Soon after she was gone from me
 A traveller came by, 10
 Silently, invisibly :
 He took her with a sigh.

W. Blake

24.

CLXXV.

When lovely woman stoops to folly
 And finds too late that men betray,—
 What charm can soothe her melancholy,
 What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover, 5
 To hide her shame from every eye,
 To give repentance to her lover
 And wring his bosom, is—to die.

O. Goldsmith

25.

CLXXVI.

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon
 How can ye blume sae fair !
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird 5
 That sings upon the bough ;
 Thou minds me o' the happy days
 When my fause Luvie was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird 10
 That sings beside thy mate ;
 For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
 And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
 To see the woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its love ; 15
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Frae aff its thorny tree ;
 And my fause luvver staw the rose,
 But left the thorn wi' me.

20

R. Burns

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

CLXXVII.

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
 And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
 From Helicon's harmonious springs

A thousand rills their mazy progress take.

The laughing flowers that round them blow

5

Drink life and fragrance as they flow.

Now the rich stream of music winds along

Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,

Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign ;

Now rolling down the steep amain

10

Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :

The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

Oh ! Sovereign of the willing soul,
 Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
 Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares

15

And frantic Passions hear thy soft controul.

On Thracia's hills the Lord of War

Has curb'd the fury of his car

And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.

Perching on the sceptred hand

20

Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king

With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie

The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey

25

Temper'd to thy warbled lay.

O'er Idalia's velvet-green

The rosy-crown'd Loves are seen

On Cytherea's day ;

BOOK THIRD

25

With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures, 30
 Frisking light in frolic measures ;
 Now pursuing, now retreating,
 Now in circling troops they meet :
 To brisk notes in cadence beating
 Glance their many-twinkling feet. 35
 Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare :
 Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay :
 With arms sublime that float upon the air
 In gliding state she wins her easy way :
 O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move 40
 The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
 Labour, and Penury, the racks of pain,
 Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
 And Death, sad refuge from the storms of fate ! 45
 The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
 And justify the laws of Jove.
 Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse
 Night, and all her sickly dews,
 Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry 50
 He gives to range the dreary sky :
 Till down the eastern cliffs afar
 Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road
 Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam, 55
 The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
 To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
 And oft, beneath the odorous shade
 Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
 She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat 60
 In loose numbers wildly sweet
 Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
 Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
 Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
 Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame. 65

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
 Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
 Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
 Or where Maeander's amber waves
 In lingering labyrinths creep, 70

How do your tuneful echoes languish,
 Mute, but to the voice of anguish !
 Where each old poetic mountain
 Inspiration breathed around ;
 Every shade and hallow'd fountain 75
 Murmur'd deep a solemn sound :
 Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour
 Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
 Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
 And coward Vice, that revels in her chains. 80
 When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
 They sought, oh Albion ! next, thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
 In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
 What time, where lucid Avon stray'd, 85
 To him the mighty Mother did unveil
 Her awful face : the dauntless child
 Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
 'This pencil take' (she said), 'whose colours clear
 Richly paint the vernal year : 90
 Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy !
 This can unlock the gates of joy ;
 Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
 Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'

Nor second He, that rode sublime 95
 Upon the seraph-wings of Extasy
 The secrets of the abyss to spy :
 He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time :
 The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze
 Where angels tremble while they gaze, 100
 He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
 Closed his eyes in endless night.
 Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
 Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
 Two coursers of ethereal race, 105
 With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
 Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
 Scatters from her pictured urn
 Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn. 110
 But ah ! 'tis heard no more—

Oh ! lyre divine, what daring spirit
 Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit
 Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
 That the Theban eagle bear, 115
 Sailing with supreme dominion
 Thro' the azure deep of air :
 Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
 Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
 With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun : 120
 Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
 Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate :
 Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. Gray

27.

THE PASSIONS

CLXXVIII.

An Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5
 Possess beyond the Muse's painting ;
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined :
 'Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired, 10
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness ruled the hour) 15
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 E'en at the sound himself had made. 20

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings, own'd his secret stings ;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair, 25
 Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ? 30
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !
 Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song ; 35
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair ;—

And longer had she sung :—but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose : 40
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
 And with a withering look
 The war-denouncing trumpet took
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ! 45
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd :
 Sad proof of thy distressful state !
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ; 55
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-raised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet, 60
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,

- Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay, 65
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing
 In hollow murmurs died away.
- But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
 The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen, 75
 Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
 And Sport leapt up, and seized his beechen spear.
- Last came Joy's ecstatic trial : 80
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address :
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best :
 They would have thought who heard the strain. 85
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round : 90
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
- O Music ! sphere-descended maid, 95
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
 Why, goddess ! why, to us denied,
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that loved Athenian bower
 You learn'd an all-commanding power, 100
 Thy mimic soul, O Nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard.
 Where is thy native simple heart
 Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time, 105
 Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !

Thy wonders, in that god-like age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail, 110
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age :
 E'en all at once together found,
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
 O bid our vain endeavours cease : 115
 Revive the just designs of Greece :
 Return in all thy simple state !
 Confirm the tales her sons relate ! *W. Collins*

28.

THE SONG OF DAVID

CLXXIX.

He sang of God, the mighty source
 Of all things, the stupendous force
 On which all strength depends :
 From Whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes,
 All period, power, and enterprise 5
 Commences, reigns, and ends.

The world, the clustering spheres He made,
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,
 Dale, champaign, grove and hill :
 The multitudinous abyss, 10
 Where secrecy remains in bliss,
 And wisdom hides her skill.

Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
 To Moses : while Earth heard in dread,
 And, smitten to the heart, 15
 At once, above, beneath, around,
 All Nature, without voice or sound,
 Replied, 'O Lord, THOU ART.' *C. Smart*

29.

INFANT JOY

CLXXX.

'I have no name ;
 I am but two days old.'
 —What shall I call thee ?
 'I happy am ;
 Joy is my name.' 5
 —Sweet joy befall thee !

BOOK THIRD

31

Pretty joy !
 Sweet joy, but two days old ;
 Sweet joy I call thee :
 Thou dost smile : 10
 I sing the while,
 Sweet joy befall thee ! *W. Blake*

30.

A CRADLE SONG

CLXXXI.

Sleep, sleep, beauty bright,
 Dreaming in the joys of night ;
 Sleep, sleep ; in thy sleep
 Little sorrows sit and weep.

 Sweet babe, in thy face 5
 Soft desires I can trace,
 Secret joys and secret smiles,
 Little pretty infant wiles.

 As thy softest limbs I feel,
 Smiles as of the morning steal 10
 O'er thy cheek, and o'er thy breast
 Where thy little heart doth rest.

 Oh the cunning wiles that creep
 In thy little heart asleep !
 When thy little heart doth wake, 15
 Then the dreadful light shall break.
W. Blake

31.

ODE ON THE SPRING

CLXXXII.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers
 And wake the purple year !
 The Attic warbler pours her throat 5
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 The untaught harmony of Spring :
 While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
 Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling. 10

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
 A broader, browner shade,
 Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
 O'er-canopies the glade,
 Beside some water's rushy brink 15
 With me the Muse shall sit, and think
 (At ease reclined in rustic state)
 How vain the ardour of the crowd,
 How low, how little are the proud,
 How indigent the great ! 20

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
 The panting herds repose :
 Yet hark, how thro' the peopled air
 The busy murmur glows !
 The insect-youth are on the wing, 25
 Eager to taste the honied spring
 And float amid the liquid noon :
 Some lightly o'er the current skim,
 Some show their gaily-gilded trim
 Quick-glancing to the sun. 30

To Contemplation's sober eye
 Such is the race of Man :
 And they that creep, and they that fly,
 Shall end where they began.
 Alike the Busy and the Gay 35
 But flutter thro' life's little day,
 In Fortune's varying colours drest :
 Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
 Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
 They leave, in dust to rest. 40

Methinks I hear in accents low
 The sportive kind reply :
 Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
 A solitary fly !
 Thy joys no glittering female meets, 45
 No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
 No painted plumage to display :
 On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
 Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
 We frolic while 'tis May. 50

T. Gray

32.

THE POPLAR FIELD

CLXXXIII.

The poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
 And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
 The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
 Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view 5
 Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :
 And now in the grass behold they are laid,
 And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade !

The blackbird has fled to another retreat
 Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat ; 10
 And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
 Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away
 And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
 With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head, 15
 Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

The change both my heart and my fancy employs ;
 I reflect on the frailty of man and his joys :
 Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
 Have a still shorter date, and die sooner than we. 20

W. Cowper

33.

TO A MOUSE

CLXXXIV.

*On turning her up in her nest, with the plough,
 November, 1785*

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
 O what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickering brattle !
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee 5
 Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
 Has broken Nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion 10
 Which makes thee startle
 At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
A daimen-icker in a thrave 15
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin : 20
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste 25
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell. 30

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble 35
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men 40
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, Och ! I backward cast my e'e 45
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear !

R. Burns

34.

CLXXXV

A WISH

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch 5
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ; 10
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet-gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze 15
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

S. Rogers

35.

CLXXXVI.

ODE TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun 5
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing, 10
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn.

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed, 15
To breathe some soften'd strain

Whose numbers, stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit ;
 As, musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial loved return. 20

For when thy folding-star arising shows
Her paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant Hours, and Elves
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still, 26
 The pensive Pleasures sweet,
 Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene ;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells, 30
 Whose walls more awful nod
 By thy religious gleams.

Or, if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
 That, from the mountain's side, 35
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires ;
And hears their simple bell ; and marks o'er all
 Thy dewy fingers draw
 The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve !
 While Summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light ;

While fallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves ; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air
 Affrights thy shrinking train
 And rudely rends thy robes ;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And love thy favourite name !

W. Collins

36.

CLXXXVII.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight, 5
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower 10
 The moping owl does to the moon complain
 Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, 15
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield, 25
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
 How jocund did they drive their team afield !
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ; 30
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave. 35

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid 45
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to extasy the living lyre :

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ; 50
Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air. 55

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone 65
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life 75
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey, 85
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90
E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led, 95
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
' Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ; 100

' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love. 105

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree ; 110
Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay 115
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown ;
Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth
And melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
He gave to misery (all he had) a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose, 125
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. Gray

MARY MORISON

CLXXXVIII.

O Mary, at thy window be,
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !
Those smiles and glances let me see
That make the miser's treasure poor :
How blithely wad I bide the stoure, 5
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

BOOK THIRD

41

Yestreen when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,—
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw :
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison.'

10

15

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee ?
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee ?
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown ;
 A thought ungente canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

20

R. Burns

38.

BONNIE LESLEY

CLXXXIX.

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
 As ye gaed o'er the border ?
 She's gane, like Alexander,
 To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
 And love but her for ever ;
 For Nature made her what she is,
 And ne'er made sic anither !

5

Thou art a queen, Fair Lesley,
 Thy subjects we, before thee ;
 Thou art divine, Fair Lesley,
 The hearts o' men adore thee.

10

The Deil he could na scaith thee,
 Or aught that wad belang thee ;
 He'd look into thy bonnie face,
 And say 'I canna wrang thee !'

15

The Powers aboon will tent thee ;
 Misfortune sha' na steer thee ;
 Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely
 That ill they'll ne'er let near thee. 20

Return again, Fair Lesley,
 Return to Caledonie !
 That we may brag we hae a lass
 There's nane again sae bonnie.

R. Burns

39.

CXCL.

O my Luve's like a red, red rose
 That's newly sprung in June :
 O my Luve's like the melody
 That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass, 5
 So deep in luve am I :
 And I will luve thee still, my dear,
 Till a' the seas gang dry :

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
 And the rocks melt wi' the sun ; 10
 I will luve thee still, my dear,
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
 And fare thee weel awhile !
 And I will come again, my Luve, 15
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. Burns

40.

CXCL.

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around
 The castle o' Montgomery,
 Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
 Your waters never drumlie !
 There simmer first unfauld her robes, 5
 And there the langest tarry ;
 For there I took the last fareweel
 O' my sweet Highland Mary

BOOK THIRD

43

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
 How rich the hawthorn's blossom, 10
 As underneath their fragrant shade
 I clasp'd her to my bosom !
 The golden hours on angel wings
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life 15
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
 Our parting was fu' tender ;
 And pledging oft to meet again,
 We tore oursels asunder ; 20
 But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower sae early !
 Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips, 25
 I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance
 That dwelt on me sae kindly ;
 And mouldering now in silent dust
 That heart that lo'ed me dearly ! 30
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary.

R. Burns

41.

AULD ROBIN GRAY

CXCH.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a hame,
 And a' the warld to rest are gane,
 The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
 While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ; 5
 But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
 To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea ;
 And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
 When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa ;
 My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea— 11
 And Auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin ;
 I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win ;
 Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e 15
 Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
 But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack ;
 His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
 Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ? 20

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
 But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break :
 They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ;
 Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four, 25
 When mornfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
 I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he
 Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
 We took but ae kiss, and I bade him gang away ; 30
 I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
 And why was I born to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
 I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
 But I'll do my best a gude wife aye to be, 35
 For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

Lady A. Lindsay

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;
 On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
 Maggie coost her head fu' high, 5
 Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
 Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
 Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

BOOK THIRD

45

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ; 10
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is sair to bide ; 15
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick—as he grew well ; 20
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
Maggie's was a piteous case ; 25
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith :
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

R. Burns

43.

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

CXCIV.

And are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;
Is this the time to spin a thread, 5
When Colin's at the door ?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a' ; 10
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop's satin gown ;
 For I maun tell the baillie's wife 15
 That Colin's in the town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My stockins pearly blue ;
 It's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true. 20

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
 Put on the muckle pot ;
 Gie little Kate her button gown
 And Jock his Sunday coat ;
 And mak their shoon as black as slaes, 25
 Their hose as white as snaw ;
 It's a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's been long awa.

There's twa fat hens upo' the coop
 Been fed this month and mair ; 30
 Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
 That Colin weel may fare ;
 And spread the table neat and clean,
 Gar ilka thing look braw,
 For wha can tell how Colin fared 35
 When he was far awa ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
 His breath like caller air ;
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair— 40
 And will I see his face again ?
 And will I hear him speak ?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin's weel, and weel content, 45
 I hae nae mair to crave :
 And gin I live to keep him sae,
 I'm blest aboon the lave :
 And will I see his face again,
 And will I hear him speak ? 50
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
 In troth I'm like to greet.

For there's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a' ;
 There's little pleasure in the house 55
 When our gudeman's awa'.

W. J. Mickle

44.

ABSENCE

CXCV.

When I think on the happy days
 I spent wi' you, my dearie ;
 And now what lands between us lie,
 How can I be but eerie !

How slow ye move, ye heavy hours, 5
 As ye were wae and weary !
 It was na sae ye glinted by
 When I was wi' my dearie. *Anon.*

45.

JEAN

CXCVI.

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
 I dearly like the West,
 For there the bonnie lassie lives,
 The lassie I lo'e best :
 There wild woods grow, and rivers row, 5
 And mony a hill between ;
 But day and night my fancy's flight
 Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
 I see her sweet and fair : 10
 I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
 I hear her charm the air :
 There's not a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 There's not a bonnie bird that sings 15
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Among the leafy trees ;
 Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
 Bring hame the laden bees ; 20

And bring the lassie back to me
 That's aye sae neat and clean ;
 Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
 Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows among the knowes 25
 Hae pass'd atween us twa !
 How fond to meet, how wae to part
 That night she gaed awa !
 The Powers aboon can only ken
 To whom the heart is seen, 30
 That nane can be sae dear to me
 As my sweet lovely Jean ! *R. Burns*

46.

JOHN ANDERSON

CXCVII

John Anderson my jo, John,
 When we were first acquent
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonnie brow was brent ;
 But now your brow is bald, John, 5
 Your locks are like the snow ;
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
 We clamb the hill thegither, 10
 And mony a canty day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither :
 Now we maun totter down, John,
 But hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot, 15
 John Anderson my jo. *R. Burns*

47.

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

CXCVIII.

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
 Like snaw when its thaw, Jean,
 I'm wearing awa'
 To the land o' the leal.
 There's nae sorrow there, Jean, 5
 There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
 The day is aye fair
 In the land o' the leal.

BOOK THIRD

49

Ye were aye leal and true, Jean,
 Your task's ended noo, Jean, 10
 And I'll welcome you
 To the land o' the leal.
 Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
 She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
 O we grudged her right sair 15
 To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
 My soul lang's to be free, Jean,
 And angels wait on me
 To the land o' the leal. 20
 Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
 This world's care is vain, Jean ;
 We'll meet and aye be fain
 In the land o' the leal. *Lady Nairn*

48.

CXCI.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON
 COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful Science still adores
 Her Henry's holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow 5
 Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
 Wanders the hoary Thames along
 His silver-winding way : 10

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
 Ah fields beloved in vain !
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow 15
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
 Full many a sprightly race
 Disporting on thy margent green
 The paths of pleasure trace ;
 Who foremost now delight to cleave 25
 With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
 The captive linnet which enthrall ?
 What idle progeny succeed
 To chase the rolling circle's speed
 Or urge the flying ball ? 30

While some on earnest business bent
 Their murmuring labours ply
 'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
 To sweeten liberty :
 Some bold adventurers disdain 35
 The limits of their little reign
 And unknown regions dare descry :
 Still as they run they look behind,
 They hear a voice in every wind,
 And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
 Less pleasing when possest ;
 The tear forgot as soon as shed,
 The sunshine of the breast :
 Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue, 45
 Wild wit, invention ever new,
 And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
 The thoughtless day, the easy night,
 The spirits pure, the slumbers light
 That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas ! regardless of their doom
 The little victims play ;
 No sense have they of ills to come
 Nor care beyond to-day :
 Yet see how all around 'em wait 55
 The ministers of human fate
 And black Misfortune's baleful train !
 Ah show them where in ambush stand
 To seize their prey, the murderous band !
 Ah, tell them they are men ! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that sculks behind ;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth, 65
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
 That inly gnaws the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart. 70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
 And grinning Infamy. 75
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try
 And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe. 80

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
 A griesly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their queen : 85
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage :
 Lo ! Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand,
 And slow-consuming Age. 90

To each his sufferings : all are men,
 Condemn'd alike to groan ;
 The tender for another's pain,
 Th' unfeeling for his own. 95
 Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
 Since sorrow never comes too late,
 And happiness too swiftly flies ?
 Thought would destroy their paradise.
 No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
 'Tis folly to be wise. 100

T. Gray

THE SHRUBBERY

O happy shades ! to me unblest !
 Friendly to peace, but not to me !
 How ill the scene that offers rest,
 And heart that cannot rest, agree !

This glassy stream, that spreading pine, 5
 Those alders quivering to the breeze,
 Might soothe a soul less hurt than mine,
 And please, if anything could please.

But fix'd unalterable Care
 Foregoes not what she feels within, 10
 Shows the same sadness everywhere,
 And slights the season and the scene.

For all that pleased in wood or lawn
 While Peace possess'd these silent bowers,
 Her animating smile withdrawn, 15
 Has lost its beauties and its powers.

The saint or moralist should tread
 This moss-grown alley, musing, slow,
 They seek like me the secret shade,
 But not, like me, to nourish woe ! 20

Me, fruitful scenes and prospects waste
 Alike admonish not to roam ;
 These tell me of enjoyments past,
 And those of sorrows yet to come.

W. Cowper

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast,
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain 5
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd, 10
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth
 And bade to form her infant mind.
 Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore ;
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know, 15
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
 Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good, 20
 Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity received,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd 25
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :
 Warm Charity, the general friend, 30
 With Justice, to herself severe,
 And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh ! gently on thy suppliant's head
 Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad, 35
 Nor circled with the vengeful band
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty ;— 40

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
 Thy milder influence impart,
 Thy philosophic train be there
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark extinct revive, 45
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

T. Gray

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey ;
 My right there is none to dispute ;
 From the centre all round to the sea
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude ! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face ?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place. 5

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain
 My form with indifference see ;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me. 10 15

Society, Friendship, and Love
 Divinely bestow'd upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove
 How soon would I taste you again !
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth. 20

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more :
 My friends, do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me ?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see. 25 30

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light. 35

BOOK THIRD

55

When I think of my own native land
 In a moment I seem to be there ;
 But alas ! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair. 40

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair ;
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place, 45
 And mercy, encouraging thought !
 Gives even affliction a grace
 And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Couper

52.

TO MARY UNWIN

CCIII.

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
 Such aid from Heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
 An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
 And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings 5
 I may record thy worth with honour due,
 In verse as musical as thou art true,
 And that immortalizes whom it sings :—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book
 By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light, 10
 On which the eyes of God not rarely look,

A chronicle of actions just and bright—
 There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;
 And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

W. Couper

53.

TO THE SAME

CCIV.

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
 Since first our sky was overcast ;
 Ah would that this might be the last !
 My Mary !

- Thy spirits have a fainter flow, 5
I see thee daily weaker grow—
’Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !
- Thy needles, once a shining store, 10
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
My Mary !
- For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will, 15
My Mary !
- But well thou play’dst the housewife’s part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart, 20
My Mary !
- Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter’d in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate’er the theme,
My Mary !
- Thy silver locks, once auburn bright, 25
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !
- For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ? 30
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !
- Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine, 35
My Mary !
- Such feebleness of limbs thou prov’st
That now at every step thou mov’st
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov’st, 40
My Mary !

57

45

50

W. Cowper

CCV.

5

10

15

20

Some succour yet they could afford ; 25
And such as storms allow,
The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
Delay'd not to bestow.
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
Whate'er they gave, should visit more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
Their haste himself condemn,
Aware that flight, in such a sea,
Alone could rescue them ;
Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
In ocean, self-upheld ;
And so long he, with unspent power,
His destiny repell'd ; 40
And ever, as the minutes flew,
Entreated help, or cried 'Adieu !'

At length, his transient respite past,
His comrades, who before
Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
Could catch the sound no more ;
For then, by toil subdued, he drank
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
Of narrative sincere, 50
That tells his name, his worth, his age,
Is wet with Anson's tear :
And tears by bards or heroes shed
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
Descanting on his fate,
To give the melancholy theme
A more enduring date :
But misery still delights to trace
Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone :
 But I beneath a rougher sea,
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he.

65

W. Cowper

55.

TOMORROW

CCVI.

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
 May my fate no less fortunate be
 Than a snug elbow-chair will afford for reclining,
 And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
 With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
 While I carol away idle sorrow,
 And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
 Look forward with hope for Tomorrow.

5

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
 As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
 And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
 With a barn for the use of the flail :
 A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
 And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
 I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
 Or what honours may wait him Tomorrow.

10

15

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
 Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
 And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
 By the sound of a murmuring rill :
 And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
 With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
 With my friends may I share what Today may afford,
 And let them spread the table Tomorrow.

20

And when I at last must throw off this frail cov'ring
 Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
 On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hov'ring,
 Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :

25

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ; 30
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare Today,
May become Everlasting Tomorrow.

J. Collins

56.

CCVII.

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together 5
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ; 10
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. Barbauld

NOTES

MR. PALGRAVE'S SUMMARY OF BOOK THIRD

It is more difficult to characterize the English Poetry of the Eighteenth century than that of any other. For it was an age not only of spontaneous transition, but of bold experiment: it includes not only such absolute contrasts as distinguish the *Rape of the Lock* from the *Parish Register*, but such vast contemporaneous differences as lie between Pope and Collins, Burns and Cowper. Yet we may clearly trace three leading moods or tendencies: the aspects of courtly or educated life represented by Pope and carried to exhaustion by his followers: the poetry of Nature and of Man, viewed through a cultivated, and at the same time an impassioned frame of mind by Collins and Gray: lastly, the study of vivid and simple narrative, including natural description, begun by Gray and Thomson, pursued by Burns and others in the north, and established in England by Goldsmith, Percy, Crabbe, and Cowper. Great varieties in style accompanied these diversities in aim: poets could not always distinguish the manner suitable for subjects so far apart: and the union of conventional and of common language, exhibited most conspicuously by Burns, has given a tone to the poetry of that century which is better explained by reference to its historical origin than by naming it artificial. There is, again, a nobleness of thought, a courageous aim at high and, in a strict sense manly, excellence in many of the writers: nor can that period be justly termed tame and wanting in originality, which produced poems such as Pope's *Satires*, Gray's *Odes and Elegy*, the ballads of Gay and Carey, the songs of Burns and Cowper. In truth Poetry at this, as at all times, was a more or less unconscious mirror of the genius of the age: and the many complex causes which made the Eighteenth century the turning-time in modern European civilization are also more or less reflected in its verse. An intelligent reader will find the influence of Newton as markedly in the poems of

Pope as of Elizabeth in the plays of Shakespeare. On this great subject, however, these indications must here be sufficient.

ABBREVIATIONS.

A.S.=Anglo-Saxon, A.V.=Authorised Version of Bible, adj.=adjective, cp.=compare, Fr.=French, Ger.=German, Lat.=Latin, l.=line, N.E.D.=New English Dictionary (Oxford), O.E.=Old English, O.F.=Old French, S.=Scottish, trans.=translated by. Notes borrowed from Mr. F. T. Palgrave are enclosed in inverted commas and followed by his initials (F. T. P.). Gray's notes to his own poems are given within inverted commas and followed by his initial (G.). Poems in Book III. are referred to by their number in this volume, thus—No. 26; poems in other Books of the *Golden Treasury* are referred to by their number in the complete edition of 1891 and subsequent reprints, preceded by the letters *G. T.*

1. *Now the golden morn aloft*

AN unfinished Ode, published after Gray's death by his friend Mason, to whom the title is probably due. It seems to have been written in 1754. Besides the complete stanzas given here Gray left the first quatrain of two other stanzas, and a few other lines or fragments of lines. The additional stanzas given in some printed versions of the poem are these fragments of Gray's work presumptuously completed by Mason.

To appreciate fully this ode we must bear in mind the aim of eighteenth century poetry—perfection of form. "A poem was no longer to be a story told with picturesque imagery, but was to be a composition in symmetry and keeping. A thought or a feeling was not to be blurted out in the first words that came, but was to be matured by reflection, and reduced to its simplest expression. Condensation, terseness, neatness, finish, had to be studied" (Pattison on Pope). It is Gray's merit that while he seeks and attains perfection of form, he seldom sacrifices truth and naturalness. And, though he is full of reminiscences of other poets, he does not take his ideas of external Nature from books. He has a keen and unaffected delight in open-air sights and sounds; and these sights and sounds are all the dearer to him because other poets have written of them before. Books perform their right function for him: instead of interposing a barrier between him and Nature, they help him to see Nature and rejoice in her beauty.

Metre.—A simple and beautiful variation of the octosyllabic iambic couplet. The last four lines of each stanza consist of two regular couplets. But in the first four lines of each stanza the rhymes alternate—*a b a b*. Further, in the first two lines a single long syllable is substituted for the first foot: the effect is to give a trochaic rhythm instead of an iambic to these lines. The third line is of full length—four iambic feet—but the

fourth line is shortened to three feet: the effect of this is to check the somewhat rapid movement of the verse, and give a momentary pause for reflection.

1. **golden**, 'glancing like gold,' 'brilliant.' This is probably the meaning in Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*, iv. ii. 262, "*Golden lads and girls all must, As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*" The word is often used by the poets in the sense of 'precious,' 'delightful': cp. Keats (*G.T.*, CCIX.), "*Tales and golden histories Of heaven and its mysteries.*"

2. **dew-bespangled**. Milton has 'dew-besprent,' *Comus*, 542.

3. **vermeil**, vermilion, bright red. *Vermeil* is a French word used by Spenser and Milton. It is derived ultimately from Lat. *vermis*, a worm, the cochineal insect from which scarlet dye was obtained. Cp. Milton, *Comus*, 752, "What needs a vermeil-tinctured lip for that?"

8. Gray writes to Wharton, August 26, 1766, describing the road to Canterbury, "It was indeed owing to the bad weather that the whole scene was dress'd in the tender emerald-green which one usually sees only for a fortnight in the opening of spring" (Tovey).

10. Cp. *Lucretius*, i. 260, *Nova proles Artubus infirmis teneras lasciva per herbas Ludit*, "A new brood with feeble limbs frisks and gambols over the tender grass."

13-16. Cp. the beautiful poems of Wordsworth and Shelley, *G.T.*, CCLXXXVI. ("Ethereal minstrel") and CCLXXXVII. ("Hail to thee, blithe Spirit").

16. **liquid light**. Milton had used this phrase, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 362; *Lucretius* has *liquidi fons luminis*, v. 28.

17. **sullen year**, gloomy season.

23. Shelley, in his *Skylark Ode* draws a similar contrast between man and the lower animals (*G.T.*, CCLXXXVII.):

"We look before and after,
And pine for what is not."

Cp. also Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, iv. 4, 37, "He that made us of such large discourse, Looking before and after."

25. This stanza illustrates a defect that has often been censured by Gray's critics — his tendency to half-personify abstractions. Whether we are to think of 'Misfortune,' 'Reflection,' and the rest as personages or qualities seems to depend almost entirely on the use or omission of capital letters. In the Middle Ages abstract qualities were frequently thought of as living characters, being so represented, for example, in *Morality Plays*. In Spenser's *Faery Queen* the personification is still real. The 'ghostly Shapes' whom Wordsworth imagines

to meet under the Borrowdale yew-trees—"Fear and trembling Hope, Silence and Foresight, Death the Skeleton and Time the Shadow"—are also real creatures, like the group of figures in the entrance to Virgil's *Inferno* (*Aeneid*, vi. 273-281). But in Gray the personification is only an unreal survival of an old poetic custom.

30. *lour*, frown. Cp. 'lowering,' A.V. of *Matthew*, xvi. 3.

32. *Gilds*. 'Hope' is the subject, 'shades' the object of this verb.

33. *Still*, always.

38. *Chastised*, i.e. because they are chastised (or, in modern English, chastened). *Sabler*, darker—a favourite word with Milton in this sense: cp. *Il Penseroso*, l. 35; *Nativity Ode*, l. 220; *Paradise Lost*, ii. 962.

39. *blended*, i.e. when they are blended. *With artful strife*, skilfully vying with each other.

41. Mason writes, "I have heard Mr. Gray say that M. Gresset's *Epttre à ma Sœur* gave him the first idea of this Ode." Gresset's poem was on his recovery from sickness (*Sur ma convalescence*), and the resemblance is chiefly in this stanza. Compare with Gray's lines

" Les plus simples objets, le chant d'une fauvette,
Le matin d'un beau jour, la verdure des bois,
La fraîcheur d'une violette,
Mille spectacles, qu'autrefois
On voyait avec nonchalance,
Transportent aujourd'hui . . . "

45. This line inevitably recalls to us Wordsworth's

" To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears"
(*G.T.*, CCCXXXVIII. *ad fin.*).

But though Wordsworth's phrase may unconsciously have been suggested by Gray's, the thought is not the same. Gray is speaking of the new delight in Nature and the open air that any man may feel after a long illness; Wordsworth writes of that intimate sympathy with Nature which is the privilege of a few choice spirits. Gray doubtless enjoyed this communion to some extent, but not with the same intensity, or the same consciousness, as Wordsworth.

2. *O Thou, by Nature taught*

WILLIAM COLLINS was born at Chichester, 1721, and educated at Winchester and Queen's College, Oxford. He afterwards lived

in great poverty in London, where he found a good friend in Dr. Johnson, who subsequently included a short life of Collins in his *Lives of the Poets*. From London Collins retired to Richmond, and then to Chichester. His later years were clouded by brain disease, and he died in 1759. Like Gray, he produced very little. All the best work of both poets is contained in this book of the *Golden Treasury*—unless the first strophe of Collins' *Ode to Liberty*, so warmly admired by Mr. Swinburne, should be added.

"We have no poet more marked by rapture, by the ecstasy which Plato held the note of genuine inspiration, than Collins. Yet but twice or thrice do his lyrics reach that simplicity, that *sinceram sermonis Attici gratiam* to which this ode testifies his enthusiastic devotion. His style, as his friend Dr. Johnson truly remarks, was obscure; his diction often harsh and unskilfully laboured; he struggled nobly against the narrow, artificial manner of his age, but his too scanty years did not allow him to reach perfect mastery" (F. T. P.).

This *Ode to Simplicity* is addressed to Simplicity only in relation to Poetry. By Simplicity Collins does not mean simplicity of diction. His practice in this ode and elsewhere is sufficient proof that he would not have assented to Wordsworth's doctrine, that "there neither is nor can be any essential difference between the language of prose and metrical composition." Collins means what we should perhaps rather call *sincerity*: "the voice of Nature and genuine emotion expressed in verse." Milton used the word 'simple' in this sense when he said that poetry ought to be 'simple, sensuous, passionate.' The poem should be compared with Gray's *Ode on the Progress of Poesy* (No. 26). Both poets describe the flight of genuine poetry from Greece to Rome, and afterwards from Rome, with the fall of freedom; both end with their personal aspirations in poetry. Collins' thesis that true poetry flies from despotism, and is only compatible with free institutions, is not entirely borne out by history. But we may say of the doctrine what Dr. Johnson said of the similar doctrine in Gray: "That Poetry and Virtue go always together is an opinion so pleasing that I can forgive him who resolves to think it true."

Metre.—It is interesting to compare this with the stanza used by Milton in his *Hymn on the Nativity* (G.T., LXXXV.). In Milton's stanza there are two additional lines, of four and six feet respectively, rhyming with each other.

3. *numbers*, applied to the counting of the succession of feet in a verse, and so often used for 'poetry.'

warmly pure, passionate and yet pure.

9. *gauds*, ornaments; a poetical word. Cp. Shakespeare, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, I. i. 32,

"And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, *gauds*, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats."

pageant weeds, garments such as are worn at a magnificent spectacle. Cp. Milton, *L'Allegro*, 119-20,

"Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In *weeds* of Peace high triumphs hold."

The use of the word 'weeds' for dress is now confined to the phrase 'a widow's weeds.'

pall (Lat. *palla*), a long robe worn by tragic actors in antiquity. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso*, 97-8,

"Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd *pall* come sweeping by."

10. *decent*, becoming (Latin *decens*).

11. *Attic*, Athenian. The severe self-restraint of the best Athenian art in sculpture, poetry, and rhetoric is proverbial. Thus *Asiatic* oratory was distinguished by the ancients themselves from the *Attic* by "its greater profusion of verbal ornament, its more liberal use of tropes, antithesis, figures, and generally by its inanity of thought" (Cruttwell, *Hist. of Roman Literature*).

13. *By*, etc. The poet calls to witness the favourite haunts of poetry in antiquity.

honey'd store, store of honey in the flowers. See note on No. 31. 26.

Hybla, a mountain in Sicily famous for thyme, bees, and honey. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* i. 55, *Hyblaeis apibus*. Sicily was famous as the home of pastoral poetry. So Milton in *Lycidas* addresses the 'Sicilian Muse.'

16. *her*, "the nightingale, for which Sophocles seems to have entertained a peculiar fondness" (*Collins' Note*). Philomela and Procne in the Greek legend were two sisters, who were changed, the one into a nightingale, the other into a swallow. For the nightingale's "love-lorn woe" cp. Sir P. Sidney's poem, "The nightingale as soon as April bringeth," *G.T.* XLVII., and M. Arnold's unrhymed lyric, "Hark, ah! the nightingale."

18. *sad Electra's poet*. The phrase is borrowed from Milton, who had used it of Euripides in his sonnet "Captain or Colonel or Knight in Arms" (*G.T.*, xciii.). Collins applies the title to Sophocles, who also wrote a tragedy with *Electra* for heroine.

The reference is to the famous chorus in *Oedipus Coloneus*, 688-719 :

"Frequent down this greenwood dale
Mourns the warbling nightingale,
Nestling mid the thickest screen
Of the ivy's darksome green" (*trans. by Anstice*).

19. *Cephisus*, "the stream encircling Athens on the north and west, passing Colonus" (*F. T. P.*). Cp. Sophocles in the chorus already quoted :

"Here the golden crocus gleams,
Murmur here unfailing streams,
Sleep the bubbling fountains never,
Feeding pure Cephissus river,
Whose prolific waters daily
Bid the pastures blossom gaily,
With the showers of spring-tide blending
On the lap of earth descending."

21. *warbled*. The passive form is Miltonic: cp. *Nativity Ode* (*G. T.*, LXXXV. 96), "divinely-warbled voice." It may be taken as a real passive = "made to warble," or as active = "warbling." 'Languished' and 'festered' are used by Milton where we should say 'languishing,' 'festering.'

22. *enamelled*, i.e. made bright with flowers. A Miltonic use of the word: cp. *Lycidas* (*G. T.*, LXXXIX. 139), "Throw hither all your quaint *enamelled* eyes." There is a similar use in Andrew Marvell: "He gave us this eternal Spring Which here *enamels* everything" (*G. T.*, CXLVI. 13, 14).

24. *thy future feet*, i.e. allured thy feet to roam in the future.

30. *range*, to place in rank. *order'd*, proleptic use of the adjective, 'so as to be in order.'

31. *none*, no theme.

33. *laureat*, crowned with the laurel, or rather the bay-leaf, of Apollo, whose ministers the poets were supposed to be. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas* (*G. T.*, LXXXIX. 151), "To strew the *laureat* hearse where Lycid lies."

34. *stay'd to sing alone*, only stayed to sing to one Emperor, Augustus, and then fled. The reign of Augustus was the Golden Age of Latin poetry: Virgil, Horace, Propertius, and Ovid were all contemporaries of Augustus, and all sang his praises. Even if we follow some critics in magnifying Lucretius and Catullus as stronger in genuine inspiration than the Augustan poets, we must admit that they belonged to the decadence of the Roman Republic, not to the good old times of "Virtue's patriot theme." Rome in her best days seems to have been quite without great poets. Poetry was an exotic at

Rome, only produced under the direct influence of Greek literature. Collins' theory, therefore, hardly derives support from the history of Rome. But it is true that poetry rapidly declined after the Augustan age, and that under Augustus it was inspired by the best features of his monarchy—his efforts to restore the Roman morality and religion, to revive Italian country life, and to give peace and rest after the exhaustion of civil war. [Mr. F. T. Palgrave's note, "stayed her song when Imperial tyranny was established at Rome," implies a somewhat different interpretation of Collins' words. I prefer my own interpretation, which is certainly more in accordance with historic fact, and is supported by the 'Observations' on this poem of Langhorne, himself a poet and a contemporary of Collins.]

37. "Stanza 7 refers to the Italian amourist poetry of the Renaissance. In Collins' day, Dante was almost unknown in England" (*F. T. P.*). Coleridge writes of the Italian poets of the 15th and 16th centuries (*Biographia Literaria*, ch. 16): "The imagery is almost always general; sun, moon, flowers, breezes, murmuring streams, warbling songsters, delicious shades, lovely damsels cruel as fair, nymphs, naiads, and goddesses, are the materials which are common to all, and which each shaped and arranged according to his judgment or fancy, little solicitous to add or to particularise."

bower. The word first means 'dwelling' (*O. E.*); (2) 'a vague poetic word for an idealized abode, not realized in any actual dwelling:' cp. Milton, 'The bower of earthly bliss'; (3) an inner apartment, especially a lady's private apartment or boudoir; (4) a place closed in with trees, a leafy court, arbour. Here it is used in sense (3).

48. **meeting soul**, "which moves sympathetically towards Simplicity as she comes to inspire the poet" (*F. T. P.*). The phrase is from Milton, *L'Allegro* (*G. T.* cXLIV. 138).

49. **Of these**, Taste and Genius.

51-4. There may be here a reminiscence of Virgil, *Eclogue* x., especially of lines 31-6 and 42-3.

3. *Happy the man, whose wish and care*

"THIS was a very early production of our author, written at about twelve years old" (*Pope's Note*). It is curious that the first of his preserved juvenile pieces should be the only poem by ALEXANDER POPE that has found a place in *The Golden Treasury*: but though Pope was a great poet, he is not distinguished in lyric poetry. We must also remember what Dr. A. W. Ward calls "the extraordinary and perhaps unparalleled fact" that "there is little vital difference, so far as form is concerned, between some

of the earliest and some of the latest of Pope's productions. His early pieces lack the vigour of wit and the brilliancy of antithesis of his later works, but they have the same felicity of expression and the same easy flow of versification." Some of the couplets in an epic poem that he began soon after his twelfth birthday were afterwards inserted by him, without alteration, in the *Essay on Criticism* and in the *Dunciad*.

An English reader, unfamiliar with Latin, could hardly gain a better idea of Horace's quieter lyrics than he will receive from this little Ode. The sentiment is Horatian; sincere but not too deeply felt; the praise of the country by a youthful poet whose strongest inclinations were to draw him, as they had drawn Horace, to the town and fashionable life. The style is Horatian; the diction simple, but, even at this early age, with the epigrammatic simplicity of conscious art, not the diffuse simplicity of nature. Finally, the rhythm is Horatian also; not an attempt at an English poem in Latin metre, such as Canning produced in his humorous Sapphics on 'The Needy Knife-grinder,' or Tennyson in his *Alcaics* on Milton, but a happy reproduction in a thoroughly English metre of the most characteristic effect of the Sapphic stanza—the brief fourth line that brings to a sudden check the short "swallow-flight of song" which is all that the stanza permits.

Pope had doubtless read Horace's description of his farm in *Satires*, II. vi., or *Epistles*, I. xvi. 1-16, or the praise of a farmer's life in *Odes*, III. xvi. 29-32. Probably he had also read Claudian's *Felix qui patriis aevum transegit in agris* and Virgil's *O fortunatos nimium*. With the "sound sleep" of l. 13 we may compare Horace, *Odes*, III. i. 21, *somnus agrestium lenis virorum*, and with the "unseen, unknown" of l. 17, Ovid's *Bene qui latuit, bene vixit* (*Tristia*, III. iv. 25) and Horace's *Nec vixit male, qui natus moriensque fefellit* (*Epistles*, I. xvii. 10). But there is no end to the parallels; and Dr. Johnson would remind us that "Criticism disdains to chase a school-boy"—even such a school-boy as Pope—"to his common-places."

4. *O say what is that thing call'd Light*

COLLEY CIBBER (1671-1757) was an actor, a dramatist of some skill, and a great critic of acting. He was unfortunate enough to quarrel with Pope, who revenged himself by making Cibber the hero of his *Dunciad*. In its simple pathos, "The Blind Boy" is almost worthy of Blake or Wordsworth.

19. Compare Sir E. Dyer's well-known poem, "My mind to me a kingdom is," especially the second stanza:

"Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;

I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with what my mind doth bring."

5. *'Twas on a lofty vase's side*

THE cat belonged to Gray's friend, Horace Walpole. Gray sent the Ode in a letter to Walpole, March 1, 1747 : "As one ought to be particularly careful to avoid blunders in a compliment of condolence, it would be a sensible satisfaction to me (before I testify my sorrow, and the sincere part I take in your misfortune) to know for certain, who it is I lament. I knew Zara and Selima (Selima, was it? or Fatima), or rather I knew them both together; for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsome cat, the name you distinguish her by, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsome cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is the handsomest. Besides, if the point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred or so imprudent as to forfeit all my interest in the survivor: oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure it must be the tabby one that had met with this sad accident. Till this affair is a little better determined, you will excuse me if I do not begin to cry. *Tempus inane peto, requiem, spatiumque doloris.*"

In l. 4 the cat is described as "demurest of the tabby-kind"; in l. 10 we hear of her "coat that with the tortoise vies." We must remember that Gray did not know which cat had died, and was also determined to ingratiate himself with the survivor. If the two cats were respectively tabby and tortoise-shell, we may suppose that the survivor (a) if tortoise-shell, would take 'tabby-kind' as a general name for cats and would understand l. 10 in its more obvious sense, (b) if a tabby, would appropriate l. 4 and understand l. 10 to mean "beautiful as any tortoise shell cat." This is the interpretation of Gray's letter and poem advocated by Mr. Tovey, and it seems the best, as it is certainly the most ingenious.

"The mishap occurred at Walpole's house in Arlington Street, not long before Walpole purchased the little house at Twickenham which he converted into the famous Strawberry Hill. To Strawberry Hill the vase was ultimately transferred; Walpole wrote to Mason, July 29, 1773, 'I have a pedestal making for the tub in which my cat was drowned; the first stanza of the Ode is to be written on it, beginning thus: 'Twas on this lofty vase's side, etc.' The tub was sold at the Strawberry Hill sale in 1842 for £42, and is now at Knowsley, the seat of the Earl of Derby." (Tovey).

Johnson's criticism of the poem (*Life of Gray*) is as follows:

"The poem 'On the Cat' was doubtless by its author considered as a trifle; but it is not a happy trifle. In the first stanza, 'the azure flowers that blow' show resolutely a rhyme is sometimes made when it cannot easily be found. Selima, the cat, is called a nymph, with some violence both to language and sense; but there is no good use made of it when it is done; for of the two lines

What female heart can gold despise,
What cat's averse to fish?

the first relates merely to the nymph, and the second only to the cat. The sixth stanza contains a melancholy truth, that 'a favourite has no friend'; but the last ends in a pointed sentence of no relation to the purpose; if *what glistened* had been *gold*, the cat would not have gone into the water; and, if she had, would not less have been drowned."

Modern criticism has not confirmed Dr. Johnson's verdict on this 'trifle.' It is a question whether 'that blow' is redundant, whether it does not rather help us to see the painted flowers 'in blow'; but even if it is redundant, such redundancy is in keeping with the mock-heroic style. To that style belongs the description of the cat as 'nymph,' and of the water as 'lake' and 'tide.' The sudden bathos of 'What cat's averse to fish?', far from being a blemish, is a literary triumph. It is essential to the success of a mock-heroic poem that the reader should realise that the poet is laughing, not seriously giving to the catastrophe a dignity it does not deserve. Yet even mock-heroics cannot be good unless they half-deceive us into accepting them for real. Gray is just on the point of so deceiving us, and merrily enlightens us by what the Greeks called a *παρά προδοκίαν*, an unexpected turn of phrase. Dr. Johnson's censure of the last stanza is conceived in a spirit that would be fatal to most poetry. In the poetic, if not in the literal sense, the cat had found that "All that glisters is not gold."

3. *azure*, i.e. the vase was a China one with the flowers painted in blue. Cp. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's *Town Eclogues*.

"Where the tall jar erects its stately pride
With antic shapes in *China's azure* dyed."

4. *tabby kind*, of the tabby species of cats. "A *tabby* cat is one whose coat is brindled, black and grey, like the waves of watered silk. *Tabby* is from Fr. *tabis*, watered silk, from Arabic *attabi*, a part of Bagdad, where it was made" (Bradshaw).

5. *reclined*, participle.

7. *conscious tail*, i.e. the tail shows by its movements that it shares the feelings of the cat.

10. **tortoise.** "A cat whose coat is of a dark ground striped with yellow is called a tortoise-shell cat" (Bradshaw).

14. **angel,** of angelic beauty.

15. **Genti,** guardian deities, Latin plural of Genius. "The Italian peoples regarded the Genius as a higher power which creates and maintains life, assists at the begetting and birth of every individual man, determines his character, tries to influence his destiny for good, accompanies him through life as his tutelary spirit, and lives on after his death" (Seyffert, *Dict. of Classical Antiquities*). Places had their Genius as well as persons. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas* (*G.T.*, LXXXIX. 183), "Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore."

16. **Tyrian,** so-called because the best purple known to the ancients was prepared at Tyre from the secretions of the murex, a shellfish.

18. **betrayed,** showed underneath. Cp. Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 274 :

*Aureus ipse, sed in foliis quae plurima circum
Funduntur violae subluet purpura nigrae.*

"Golden is the flower, but on the petals that cluster thick round it purple gleams under dark violet."

31. **Eight times.** "A cat has nine lives, as everybody knows" (Phelps).

34. **Dolphin.** A dolphin in the classical legend had saved Arion from drowning. *Nereid*, sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus, the old man of the sea.

35. The commentators have not ascertained whether Walpole actually had two servants called 'Tom' and 'Susan' or whether Gray merely used the two names as typical.

39. **with caution bold.** Cp. the Latin proverb, *Festina lente*.

42. Cp. Chaucer, *Yeman's Tale*, "But all which shineth as the gold Ne is no gold, as I have been told"; Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, II. vii. 65, "All that glisters is not gold."

6. *Timely blossom, Infant fair*

AMBROSE PHILIPS (1671-1749) wrote several poems to children, some Pastorals, and an *Epistle to the Earl of Dorset* which Goldsmith declared to be 'incomparably fine.' Like Cibber, he had a quarrel with Pope, and was satirised by that irascible poet. Charlotte Pulteney, the subject of this ode, was one of the daughters of Daniel Pulteney, a politician of some distinction in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. She and her sister Margaret, to whom also Philips addressed an ode, died in childhood. Philips was ridiculed by his contemporaries for apostro-

phising children ; Henry Carey (see introductory note to No. 16) nicknamed him 'Namby-Pamby' ; but the charming simplicity of these poems has kept alive his memory, whilst his more pretentious work has been forgotten.

Metre.—A simple trochaic line of four accents, often used by Shakespeare and Milton. In a long poem it becomes monotonous : hence Milton in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* varies it continually. So, too, Keats and Shelley varied it in such poems as the *Ode on the Poets* (*G.T.*, CCIX.) and *To a Lady, with a Guitar* (*G.T.*, CCC.). In Philips' poem the only variation is in the last couplet, where the slower iambic movement is appropriate to the reflective tone of the conclusion.

1. **Timely**, seasonable, early. The force of the epithet is not very clear. Does it mean that the parents are in the prime of life?

4. **solicitous**, involving anxious care (as precious and fragile).

5. **still**, always.

7. **gossip**, in its modern sense of 'tattler.' *Gossip* was originally *god-sib*, a kinsman with respect to God, a sponsor at baptism, godfather or godmother.

13. **Yet**, as yet. "In our present English, when *yet*, in the sense it has here, is placed before the verb of its sentence, we qualify it by prefixing *as*. We could say either 'While there was not yet any fear of Jove' or 'While as yet there was no fear of Jove'" (*Hales*, note on *Il Penseroso*, l. 30).

18. **Moduling**, a variation for 'modulating'—i.e. forming sound to a certain key or to certain notes.

22. **bloomy**, full of blooms or blossoms, flowery. Used by Milton, Sonnet I., "O Nightingale, that on yon *bloomy* spray Warblest at eve."

7. *When Britain first at Heaven's command*

JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748) is best known as the author of *The Seasons*, a blank verse poem of very considerable merit, full of genuine feeling for Nature, though the language is the artificial diction of the eighteenth century. *Rule Britannia* probably owes its inclusion in the *Golden Treasury* to its fame and popularity as a national song rather than to its possession of any of the higher qualities of lyric poetry.

2. **main**. The full phrase is 'the main sea.' In Shakespeare, *King Lear*, III. i. 6, *main* = main-land.

3. **charter**, "a writing bestowing privileges or rights" (*Dr. Johnson*).

"Pindaric," because they were constructed, like Greek Odes, not in uniform stanzas, but in uniform groups of stanzas. Each Ode contains three groups of three stanzas; the first two stanzas of all the groups are on the same plan; the third stanzas of the three groups correspond to each other, but differ from the first and second. "The technical Greek names for the three parts [of each group of stanzas] were *στροφή*, *ἀντιστροφή*, and *ἐπὶ ᾠδή*—the Turn, the Counter-turn, and the After-song—names derived from the theatre, the Turn denoting the movement of the chorus from the one side of the *ὀρχήστρα* or Dance-stage to the other, the Counter-turn the reverse movement, the After-song something sung after two such movements. Odes thus constructed were called by the Greeks Epodic. Congreve is said to have been the first who so constructed English Odes. This system cannot be said to have prospered with us. Perhaps no English ear would instinctively recognise that correspondence between distant parts which is the secret of it. Certainly very many readers of the *Progress of Poesy* are wholly unconscious of any such harmony. Does anyone really enjoy it in itself, apart from the pleasure he may receive from his admiration of Gray's skill in construction and imitation? Does his ear hear it, or only his eye perceive it? In other words, was not Gray's labour, as far as pure metrical pleasure is concerned, wasted?" (Prof. Hales). It is probable that a larger number of readers derive pleasure from irregularly constructed English Odes, such as Wordsworth's *Ode on Intimations of Immortality* (*G.T.*, cccxxxviii.), or Tennyson's *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, in which the metre varies with the thought, now slow and solemn, now light and happy. Of such irregular Odes the most successful is a fragment—Coleridge's *Kubla Khan* (*G.T.*, cccxvi.). In a third class of English Odes—Spenser's *Prothalamion* (*G.T.*, lxxiv.), Milton's *Nativity Hymn* (*G.T.*, lxxxv.)—the stanzas all correspond with each other.

1. "The following Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death" (G.). The number of Welsh bards living at the beginning of the fourteenth century disproves the tradition.

3. **Conquest's crimson wing.** Victory is here personified, as often by the ancients, and represented as fanning the royal banners with her wings, which are crimson with blood.

4. "Mocking the air with colours idly spread, Shakespeare's *King John*, v. 1" (G.).

5. (Neither) **helm nor hauberk's**.... "The *hauberk* was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body, and adapted itself to every

motion" (G.). Properly *hauberk* means neck-covering armour: A.S. *heals*, the neck, and *beorgan*, to protect. *Habergeon* is etymologically a diminutive from *hauberk*.

7. *secret*, inmost. *nightly*, nocturnal, as in Milton, *Nativity Ode* (G.T., LXXXV. 179), "No nightly trance, or breathed spell."

8. *Cambria*, Wales, the land of the Cimbri or Kymry.

9. *crested pride*. "The crested adder's pride, Dryden's *Indian Queen* [III. 1]" (G.). Gray transfers the expression from the crest of a snake, the swollen part of its head, to the crest or plume of a warrior's helmet.

11. *Snowdon* "was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welsh themselves call *Craigian-eryri*; it included all the highlands of Caernarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway. R. Hygden, speaking of the Castle of Conway, built by King Edward the First, says, 'Ad ortum amnis Conway ad clivum montis Erery'; and Matthew of Westminster (ad ann. 1283), 'Apud Aberconway ad pedes montis Snowdoniae fecit erigi castrum forte'" (G.). "It was in the spring of 1283 that English troops at last forced their way among the defiles of Snowdon. Llewellyn had preserved those passes and heights intact till his death in the preceding December. The surrender of Dolbadern in the April following that dispiriting event opened a way for the invader, and William de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, at once advanced by it" (Hales).

13, 14. *Gloster*, "Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law of King Edward. Edmond de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were *Lords-Marchers*, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition" (G.).

14. *couch'd*. "To fix the spear in the rest, in the posture of attack" (Johnson).

15. *a rock*. Probably Gray meant Pen-maen-mawr, the height referred to in Milton's *Lycidas* (G.T., LXXXIX. 52):

"For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie."

The epithet *shaggy* in l. 11 may have been a reminiscence of Milton's next line—"Nor on the *shaggy* top of Mona High."

16. *old*, a favourite epithet of rivers. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, I. 420,

"From the bordering flood of *old* Euphrates."

Cp. also No. 48. 9, "the *hoary* Thames," and *Judges* v. 21, "that *ancient* river, the river Kishon."

19. "The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the Supreme Being in the vision of Ezekiel.

There are two of these paintings (both believed original), one at Florence, the other at Paris." (G.). "Moses breaking the tables of the law, by Parmegiano, was a figure which Mr. Gray used to say came still nearer to his meaning than the picture of Raphael" (Mason). Mr. Tovey aptly compares Keble's lines on Balaam, *Christian Year*, 2nd Sunday after Easter :

"O for a sculptor's hand
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating in the eastern breeze,
Thy tranc'd yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees."

20. "Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind—Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 537" (G.).

23. *Struck* from his lyre notes express' e of deep sorrows.

23. *desert-cave*. Another echo of *Lycidas* (G. T., LXXXIX. 39).

26. *hoarser*, either (1) than their wont or (2) growing continually hoarser.

28. *high-born Hoel, soft Llewellyn*. "The *Dissertatio de Bardis* of Evans names the first as son to the king Owain Gwynedd; Llewellyn, last king of North Wales, was murdered 1282. *Cadwallo*: Cadwallon (died 631) and Urien Rheged (early kings of Gwynedd and Cumbria respectively) are mentioned by Evans (p. 78) as bards none of whose poetry is extant. *Modred*: Evans supplies no *data* for this name, which Gray (it has been supposed) uses for Merlin (Myrddin Wyllt), held prophet as well as poet. Whether intentionally or through ignorance of the real dates, Gray here seems to represent the *Bard* as speaking of these poets, all of earlier days, Llewellyn excepted, as his own contemporaries at the close of the thirteenth century.

"Gray, whose penetrating and powerful genius rendered him in many ways an initiator in advance of his age, is probably the first of our poets who made some acquaintance with the rich and admirable poetry in which Wales from the sixth century has been fertile,—before and since his time so barbarously neglected, not in England only. Hence it has been thought worth while here to enter into a little detail upon his Cymric allusions" (F. T. P.).

Prof. Hales is probably right in saying that Gray does not mean to refer to the old bards but merely appropriates their names for the companions of his own bard.

34. *Pinlunimon*, a mountain on the borders of Cardigan and Glamorgan. *cloud-topt*: cp. 'cloud-capt towers,' *Tempest*, iv. i. 172.

35. *Arvon*. "The shores of Caernarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey" (G.). Caernarvon = *Caer* in *Arvon*, the camp in *Arvon*.

38. "Camden and others observe, that eagles used annually to build their eyrie among the rocks of Snowden, which from thence (as some think) were named by the Welsh *Craigian-eryri*, or the crags of the eagles. At this day (I am told) the highest point of Snowden is called *the eagle's nest*. That bird is certainly no stranger to this island, as the Scots, and the people of Cumberland, Westmoreland, etc., can testify; it even has built its nest in the Peak of Derbyshire. (See Willoughby's *Ornithol.*, published by Ray)" (G.).

40. Cp. Virgil, *Aeneid*, iv. 31, *Anna refert : O luce magis dilecta sorori* (Anna answers, 'O dearer than the light to thy sister').

41. "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops That visit my sad heart, Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, II. i. 289-290" (G.).

44. **grisely**, grisly, hideous, terrible. A favourite word with Spenser and Milton.

48. "See the Norwegian Ode that follows" (G.). Gray refers to his poem of 'The Fatal Sisters' which was a translation of a Norse Ode, but made from a Latin version by Bartholin. It begins thus :

"Now the storm begins to lower
(Haste, the loom of Hell prepare,)
Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darkened air.
Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe and Randver's bane."

The notion of a web of destiny was a favourite one with the Greeks and Romans.

49-100. In the italicized lines the 'lost companions' of the bard 'join in harmony' with him.

49. **Weave the warp.** "They are called upon 'to weave the warp, and weave the woof,' perhaps with no great propriety : for it is by crossing the woof with the warp that men weave the *web* or piece" (Dr. Johnson). The great critic's own expression is not very clear; we should rather speak of 'crossing the warp with the woof,' for the *warp* is the fixed part of the fabric, the threads stretched out parallel in the loom, ready to be crossed by the *woof*, the interwoven or inserted thread. But Gray's instinct was right. Not merely is "weave the warp, and weave the woof" a legitimate poetical expression for "weave them together, interweave them" : the repetition adds greatly to the solemnity of the phrase. Compare the repeated sound in such incantations as "Double, double, toil and trouble," and *Ducite ab urbe domum, mea carmina, ducite Daphnim*. The effect of the alliteration is also to

be observed: it is not confined to the initial letter 'w,' but is equally felt in the 'r' of 'warp,' 'Edward,' 'race,' 'room,' 'verge,' 'characters,' 'trace.' The 'r' sound becomes still more prominent in the lines that follow.

50. **winding sheet.** For a very striking use of this image in a prophecy of doom, see Rossetti's *King's Tragedy*.

51. Cp. "I have a soul that like an *ample* shield
Can take in all, and *verge enough* for more."
Dryden, *Don Sebastian*, I. i.

52. **characters**, 'figures,' 'impressions,' the literal sense of the Gr. χαρακτήρ. of hell, i.e. of 'death,' 'doom,' 'destruction.'

54. "Edward the Second, cruelly butchered (A.D. 1327) in Berkley Castle" (G.). *Berkley Castle*, Gloucestershire.

roof, Mr. F. T. Palgrave's reading, taken apparently from Mitford: *roofs* has better authority.

Cp. with this line Drayton, *Barons' Wars*, v. lxvii.:

"Berkley, whose fair seat hath been famous long,
Let thy sad echoes *shriek a ghastly sound*
To the vast air."

56. **agonizing**, intransitive, 'suffering agony.'

Hume probably had Gray's lines in his mind when he wrote in his *History* (vol. II., p. 359): 'The *screams* with which the *agonizing* king filled the castle.' This volume was published, as Mr. Tovey points out, after the completion of the *Bard*.

57. "Isabel of France, Edward the Second's adulterous Queen" (G.). Cp. *Henry VI.*, Pt. III. i. iv. 111:

"She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France,
Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth."

the bowels. In allusion to the manner of the king's death.

59. "Triumphs of Edward the Third in France" (G.). It is a question whether *hangs* is transitive or intransitive. If it is the latter, we might have expected a comma after 'hangs,' but there is none in the edition of 1757. Cp. Attila's title, 'the Scourge of God.'

61. "**Amazement** and Flight are the Δείμος ἡδὲ Φόβος of Homer *Iliad*, iv. 440, present at the clash of the Greek and Trojan hosts; Homer puts them, as does Gray, in sequence, for Δείμος is Panic, and Φόβος the ensuing rout" (Tovey).

For **amazement** in the sense of 'extreme fear,' 'horror,' cp. Shakespeare, *Hamlet*, III. iv. 112, "But look! amazement on thy mother sits."

62. *solitude*, desolation. Cp. the reproach against the Romans, *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*, "They make a desolation and call it peace."

63. "Death of that king [Edward III.], abandoned by his children, and even robbed in his last moments by his courtiers and his mistress" (G.).

67. *sable warrior*. "Edward the Black Prince, dead some time before his father" (G.).

69. Observe the interrogation: the sense is, "Where are the swarm . . . ?"

70. Cp. Pompey's warning to Sulla, when the older man refused the younger a triumph, "More *worship* the rising than the setting sun" (Plutarch's *Life of Pompey*).

71. "Magnificence of Richard the Second's reign. See Froissard and other contemporary writers" (G.).

71-76. Gray had originally written (Wharton's MS.):

"Mirrors of Saxon truth and loyalty,
Your helpless old expiring master view.
They hear not. Scarce religion dares supply
Her muttered requiems, and her holy dew.

Yet thou, proud boy, from Pomfret's walls shalt send
A sigh, and envy oft thy happy grandsire's end."

In these superseded lines the courtiers of Edward III. are ironically addressed as 'mirrors of courtesy.' The 'proud boy' is Richard II., and his horrible death in 'Pomfret' or Pontefract Castle, Yorkshire, makes the death of his grandsire, Edward III., happy in comparison. In his later version Gray sacrifices the apostrophe to the courtiers that he may make the transition to Richard II. less abrupt.

Coleridge in a youthful essay, to which he refers with approval in his *Biographia Literaria*, ch. 1, traced Gray's amended lines ("Fair laughs the morn," etc.) to Shakespeare's *Merchant of Venice*, II. vi. 14:

"How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The scarf'd bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embrac'd by the strumpet wind!
How like a prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind!"

Coleridge proceeds: "I preferred the original on the ground that, in the imitation, it depended wholly on the compositor's putting, or not putting, a small capital both in this and in many other passages of the same poet, whether the words should be personifications or mere abstracts." The censure is deserved by

Gray elsewhere (e.g. No. 1. 25), but seems unjust in this particular passage. The fact that "Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm" have inspired a widely-known allegorical painting may be taken to indicate that they are real personifications, and probably no intelligent student reads these lines without forming a picture in his mind.

75. Coleridge criticises *sway* in this line and *realm* in 72 as 'rhymes dearly purchased.' *Sway* was almost certainly a reminiscence of Dryden, translation of the *Georgics*, i. 483, "And rolling onwards with a *sweepy sway*," said of the River Po.

77. "Richard the Second (as we are told by Archbishop Scroop and the confederate lords in their manifesto, Thomas of Walsingham, and all the older writers) was starved to death. The story of his assassination by Sir Piers of Exon is of much later date" (G.). In Shakespeare's tragedy Richard II. is murdered by Exton: Shakespeare's authority for the story was Holinshed's *Chronicle*, published in 1577.

80. With this picture of Richard starved in presence of the banquet, cp. Virgil, *Aeneid*, vi. 603:

"Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora paratae
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima iuxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas."

"The high banqueting couches gleam golden-pillared, and the feast is spread in royal luxury before their faces: couched hard by, the eldest of the Furies wards the tables from their touch" (Mackail).

83. "Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster" (G.).

bray. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 209, "Arms on armour clashing *brayed* Horrible discord." "The *din brays* as 'the noise of battle *hurts*' in Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, ii. ii.; both *bray* and *hurtle* being *distinctive* words: *bray* being cognated with 'break' (vid. Skeat) and implying suddenness as well as loudness" (Tovey).

86. **kindred squadrons.** So Lucan calls the Roman armies in the civil war *cognatas acies*.

87. "Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of that structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar" (G.).

89. **consort.** "Margaret of Anjou, a woman of heroic spirit, who struggled hard to save her husband and her crown" (G.).

father. "Henry the Fifth" (G.).

90. **meek usurper.** "Henry the Sixth very near being canonized. The line of Lancaster had no right of inheritance to the crown" (G.). Cp. *Eton Ode* (No. 48. 4), "Her Henry's holy shade."

91. "The white and red roses, devices of York and Lancaster" (G.).

Above, below, i.e. on the loom.

92. **Twined.** "If there is here a reference to marriage (as I incline to think) rather than the grapple of foes, it is probably to the marriage of Edward IV. with the Lancastrian Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey, of which union the murdered princes were the issue" (Tovey).

93. "The silver boar was the badge of Richard the Third; whence he was usually known in his own time by the name of *the Boar*" (G.).

infant gore, the murder of the two young princes in the Tower, 1483.

99. **Half of thy heart.** Cp. Horace's *animæ dimidium meae*, *Odes*, i. iii. 8. "Eleanor of Castile died a few years after the conquest of Wales. The heroic proof she gave of her affection for her lord is well known. The monuments of his regret and sorrow for the loss of her are still to be seen at Northampton, Geddington, Waltham, and other places" (G.). Tennyson commemorates Eleanor's devotion in his *Dream of Fair Women* :

"Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king,
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in spring."

101. The ghosts vanish, and the Bard speaks alone. **forlorn** agrees with *me*.

106. **skirts.** A *skirt* is properly 'the edge of a garment.' It is a favourite word with Milton: "Dark with excessive bright thy *skirts* appear" (*Paradise Lost*, iii. 380). "Gladly behold though but his utmost *skirts* Of glory" (*ib.* xi. 332).

109. "It was the common belief of the Welsh nation that King Arthur was still alive in Fairy-Land, and should return again to reign over Britain" (G.).

110. "Accession of the line of Tudor. Both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island; which seemed to be accomplished in the House of Tudor" (G.). Henry VII.'s paternal grandfather was Sir Owen Tudor, a descendant of the ancient princes of Wales.

genuine, native.

111. The Tudor kings before Elizabeth.

112. *Sublime*, in the literal sense, 'lifted up,' 'aloft.' Cp. No. 26. 95, "that rode *sublime*."

113. Elizabeth's Court.

116. *Her eye*. "Micheli, the Venetian, described Elizabeth in 1557 (the year before her accession) as having fine eyes; a testimony more trustworthy than the praise of her courtiers. This eye Gray makes characteristic of the Tudors: cp. *Installation Ode*, l. 70, 'Pleased in thy lineaments we trace A Tudor's fire.' And his *Bard* refers it to their Celtic origin" (Tovey).

117. *Her lion-port*. "Speed, relating an audience given by Queen Elizabeth to Paul Dzialinski, Ambassador of Poland, says, 'And then she, lion-like rising, daunted the malapert Orator, no less with her stately port and majestic deporture, than with the tartnesse of her princelie checkes'" (G.).

118. *Attemper'd to*. Cp. No. 26. 26, "Temper'd to thy warbled lay."

119. *symphonious*, sounding in concert. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, vii. 559, "the sound Symphonious of ten thousand harps that tuned Angelic harmonies."

119-20. The burst of *lyric* poetry in the reign of Elizabeth is meant. "It is, fittingly, the sound of lyric poetry, the music of the harp, that the Bard's ear first catches, to tell him that his art, spite of the tyrant's barbarity, will not be lost. This is faintly indicated in '*strings symphonious*,' and it is certainly not till after 'The verse adorn *again*' that allusion is made to the *greater* poems of Spenser and Shakespeare" (Tovey).

121. "Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen" (G.). But the prophecies attributed to Taliessin have since been shown not to be earlier than the twelfth century.

123. Cp. Shelley's *Ode to the Skylark* (G.T., OCLXXXVII. 10):

"And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

124. *many-colour'd*, to express the variety of Elizabethan song.

125-127. *war, love, and truth* are the subjects of *adorn*.

125-144. On the unfavourable criticisms passed by Walpole, Johnson, and others upon the last stanza of *The Bard*, see Mr. Tovey's edition of Gray.

126. "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my song. Spenser, *Proeme to the Fairy Queen*" (G.).

127. An admirable description of Spenser's design in the *Faerie Queen*. Mr. Tovey quotes Milton, *Areopagitica*, § 23, "Our sage and serious poet Spenser, whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas"; and notes that Una, whose fortunes are told in Book I. of the *Faerie Queen*, is in Spenser another name for Truth.

128. *buskin'd measures*, the verse of tragedy. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, CXLV. 101, 102), "Or what (though rare) of later age Ennobled hath the *buskin'd* stage." The *buskin* is the cothurnus (*κόθουρος*) or high boot worn by Greek and Roman actors in tragedy to increase their stature and dignity. It therefore became emblematic of tragedy, as the *soccus*, or low shoe, of comedy.

128-130, "Shakespear." 131-132, "Milton." 133-134, "The succession of poets after Milton's time" (*G.*).

129. *pleasing pain*. Spenser applies this expression to Love, *Faerie Queen*, IX. x. 3. But Gray more probably had in his mind Aristotle's attribution to tragedy of the pleasure that arises from pity and fear, *τὴν ἀπὸ ἐλέου καὶ φόβου ἡδονήν*, *Poetics*, XXVII.

133. *warblings*. The verb, *to warble*, is a favourite with Milton.

135. *sanguine* (*Lat. sanguineus*), red, as if with bloodshed. Addressing the King, the Bard points to a dark red cloud that has passed in front of the sun, and takes it to symbolise the cloud with which the massacre of the bards has covered the country.

137. A reminiscence of Milton, *Lycidas* (*G.T.*, LXXXIX. 168-171):

"So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky."

repairs, 'recovers' or 'renews,' the primary meaning of the Latin *reparare*.

9. *How sleep the brave, who sink to rest*

THIS exquisite Ode was written, as its author tells us, "in the beginning of the year 1746." Collins had already commemorated, in his "Ode on the Death of Col. Charles Ross," the loss of one gallant Englishman in the disastrous battle of Fontenoy in Flanders. Here, on the 31st of May, 1745, the Duke of Cumberland "found the French covered by a line of fortified villages and redoubts with but a single narrow gap. Into this gap, however, the English troops, formed in a dense column, doggedly thrust

themselves in spite of a terrible fire ; but at the moment when the day seemed won the French guns, rapidly concentrated in their front, tore the column in pieces and drove it back in a slow and orderly retreat " (J. R. Green). Defeat abroad was followed by defeat in Scotland, where the Young Pretender won the battle of Falkirk in January, 1746. It may have been the news of this fresh reverse that occasioned this Ode. In any case we may assume it to have been written before the victory of Culloden on April 16 of this year relieved the anxiety of England.

6. *Than Fancy's feet*, etc., than any ground that men have even pictured to themselves in imagination.

7. Cp. the Sea Dirge in Shakespeare's *Tempest* (G.T., LXV.). So Campbell, but not very happily, introduced 'the mermaid's song' into his *Battle of the Baltic* (G.T., CCLI.).

9. *Honour*. Collins' personifications are more real than some of Gray's. *Fancy*, perhaps, is scarcely distinct, but each of the other three — *Spring*, *Honour*, *Freedom* — though so lightly touched on, is a figure for a sculptor. The epithet 'gray,' given to *Honour*, though it may be only a conventional epithet, appropriate to a pilgrim's dress, seems to recall Virgil's *cana Fides* (*Aeneid*, i. 292) the 'hoary Honour' of the Roman people, worshipped by them from remote antiquity. Cp. also Horace, *Carmen Saeculare* 57, *Fides et Pax et Honos Pudorque Priscus*.

10. *The lovely lass o' Inverness*

ACCORDING to Cromeke, Burns took the idea from 'the first half verse, which is all that remains' of an old song ; but nothing is known of this half verse. At Culloden 'Prince Charlie,' the Young Pretender, was defeated by the Duke of Cumberland. "On the 16th of April [1746] the two armies faced one another on Culloden Moor, a few miles eastward of Inverness. The Highlanders still numbered six thousand men, but they were starving and dispirited. Cumberland's force was nearly double that of the Prince. Torn by the Duke's guns, the clansmen flung themselves in their old fashion on the English front ; but they were received with a terrible fire of musketry, and the few that broke through the first line found themselves fronted by a second. In a few moments all was over, and the Highlanders a mass of hunted fugitives. Charles himself after strange adventures escaped to France " (J. R. Green).

4. And ever the salt tear blinds her eye.

5. *Drumossie*, the Highland name for Culloden. Observe the pathetic effect of the repetition.

13. *thou*, the Duke of Cumberland.

11. *I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking*

JANE ELLIOTT, 1727-1805, third daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliott, second baronet of Minto. Her father and her brother, like herself, had literary tastes. It was her brother who suggested to her the subject of this ballad, the only poem she is known to have written. "The story goes that, as they were driving home in the family coach one evening in 1756, they talked of Flodden, and Gilbert wagered a pair of gloves or a set of ribbons against his sister's chances as a writer of a successful ballad on the subject. After this there was silence, and by the time the journey was ended the rough draft of the song was ready. When presently it was published anonymously, and with the most sacred silence on the part of the writer herself and of her friends as to authorship, it won instant success. . . . Readers were at first inclined to believe that Miss Elliott's *Flowers of the Forest* was a genuine relic of the past suddenly and in some miraculous way restored in its perfection. Nor is this to be wondered at, for no ballad in this language is more remarkable for its dramatic propriety and its exhaustive delineation of its theme. . . . Burns was one of the first to insist that this ballad was a modern composition, and when Sir Walter Scott wrote his *Border Minstrelsy* he inserted it (in 1803) as 'by a lady of family in Roxburghshire'" (T. Bayne in *Dictionary of National Biography*).

At Flodden Field in Northumberland James IV., King of Scotland, was defeated by the Earl of Surrey, Sept. 9, 1513. An unhewn pillar of granite marks the spot where the King fell.

The refrain—"The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away"—appears to be ancient, perhaps even contemporary with the battle of Flodden; but nothing more survives of the old lament.

Metre.—Dactylic. Three 'dactyls and a trochee in the first line of the couplet, three dactyls and an accented syllable in the second line. Variations are allowed, as is usual, with English dactylic metres: an extra unaccented syllable often begins the line—in l. 17 there are even two extra syllables—and a dactyl is occasionally shortened to a trochee. There is a rhyme or assonance in the middle of the first line of the couplet, so that in this line there is always a caesura after the second syllable of the second dactyl. It is quite possible that this poem, especially if it is the only one its authoress wrote, was composed without any knowledge of metre. Such a possibility does not interfere with the correctness of this analysis.

3. *loaning*, S., an opening between fields of corn, for driving the cattle homewards or milking cows. It is connected with the English word *lane*.

4. **Forest**, Ettrick Forest. **wede**, S., weeded out. This line and the Scottish air associated with it are ancient.

5. **bught**, S., sheepfold, especially a pen for confining the ewes at milking time.

6. **dowie**, S., dreary. The word occurs in the title of a well-known Scottish ballad, *The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow*. It is connected with 'dull' and 'dully.'

wae, adjective as well as substantive in Scottish, 'woful,' 'sad.'

7. **daffin'**, S., joking. R. L. Stevenson in *Kidnapped* uses 'to daff' for 'to play the fool.' Cp. Burns, *Twa Dogs*, "Until wi' daffin' weary grown, Upon a knowe they sat them down."

gabbin', jesting. 'To gab' is common in O.E. in two senses, 'to scoff' and 'to tell lies.' It is uncertain whether the word is Teutonic or adopted from O.F.

10. **lyart**, S., grizzled, having grey hairs mixed with others.

11. **preaching**. For many generations the preaching or sermon has been the most conspicuous feature of a Scotch religious service, and such services have been the occasion of large gatherings in the country districts. This was doubtless the case before the Reformation as well as since.

fleeching, S., coaxing. Cp. Burns, *Duncan Gray* (XIII. 9), "Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd."

13. **gloaming**, evening twilight. This substantive—like the verb 'to gloam,' to grow dark—is chiefly found in Scotch writers, but is apparently of English origin and connected with 'glow' and 'gloom.' The word *gloaming* is still used in the Yorkshire dialect.

younkers, young men. The word is used by Shakespeare, as in the passage quoted in note to No. 8. 71-76.

14. **bogle**, ghost, goblin, common in Scottish literature since 1500. 'Bogey' and 'boggard' are kindred words. Tennyson, *Northern Farmer*, uses 'boggle' as the Lincolnshire form.

17. **Dool** or **dole**, 'mourning'; an old word revived in modern literary English. It came through the French from the Latin root of *doleo*, to grieve; the modern French *deuil* is the same word. For the omission of the relative in this line cp. Sir W. Scott's *Outlaw* (G. T., CCXIII. 3, 4), "And you may gather garlands there Would grace a summer queen."

Border, between Scotland and England.

19. **Forest**, **foremost**. In this line, as in l. 1 and 21, we have an assonance instead of a rhyme.

12. *Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream*

JOHN LOGAN (1748-1788) was a Scottish minister and man of letters. He was probably the author of the *Ode to the Cuckoo* often attributed to his friend Michael Bruce.

In this poem, as in the two that immediately precede it in this collection, we may see the romantic movement that marks the closing years of the eighteenth century already beginning. There is the sense of a sweet, strange pathos in "Old, unhappy, far-off things"; and there is that "subtle aroma of place-names" which Sir Walter Scott was to reveal to so many. "Yarrow," says Principal Shairp in his *Aspects of Poetry* (Lecture on *The Three Yarrowes*) is "the inner sanctuary of the whole Scottish border." "Ballad after ballad comes down loaded with a dirge-like wail for some sad event, made still sadder for that it befell in Yarrow." One of the most familiar traditions was of some comely youth either drowned by accident in Yarrow or murdered by a jealous rival and flung into the stream. This latter legend was commemorated in another eighteenth century ballad "in the ancient Scots manner," the "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride" of William Hamilton of Bangour. The other legend, of accidental death, was followed by Logan and the unknown author of the poem that follows (No. 13). Wordsworth had read both Hamilton and Logan: he quotes Hamilton in "Fair hangs the apple frae the rock" (*G. T.*, cccv.) and Logan in "The water-wraith ascended thrice, And gave his doleful warning" (*G. T.*, cccvi.).

Metre.—Observe the trochaic or feminine ending of the second line of each couplet. The Yarrow ballads generally have this rhythm, and obtain a powerfully pathetic as well as musical effect by the use of the name "Yarrow" as a rhyme word.

1. **bonny**, handsome, fair, blithe. A corruption of the French *bonne*, fem. of *bon*, 'good.'

8. The real 'Flower of Yarrow' was Mary Scott of Dryhope, wife of Wat of Harden. Logan has borrowed the title for his unfortunate lover, and Wordsworth follows him (*G. T.*, cccvi. 25-6) —"Where was it that the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?"

12. **squire**, attend as a squire or knight. The verb is used by Chaucer. Squire, or Esquire comes through the French from the Latin *scutiger*, shield-bearer.

15. The metaphor in this line is a favourite one with the great tragedians. Cp. Sophocles, *Antigone*, 804 παγκοίτην θάλαμον "the bridal bed where all must sleep," and 816 Ἀχέροντι νυμφεύσω "I shall be the bride of Death."

23. **water-wraith.** A wraith (Scandinavian word) was an apparition in the likeness of a person supposed to be seen just before or just after his death. See the wonderful description of the wraith of King James I. of Scotland in Rossetti's *King's Tragedy*. Compare also Scott in *Rosabelle* (*G. T.*, cclxxxi. 11, 12), Campbell in *Lord Ullin's Daughter* (*G. T.*, ccxxv. 26), Wordsworth in *Yarrow Visited* (*G. T.*, ccv. 31, 32).

30. **thorough,** the old form of the preposition, now retained only for the adjective.

42. **marrow,** old and provincial English and Scottish, possibly a corruption of French *mari*, from Lat. *maritus*, a husband; generally 'a husband,' but sometimes in the wider sense of 'companion' which Wordsworth adopts in *Yarrow Unvisited* (*G. T.*, ccv. 6).

13. *Down in yon garden sweet and gay*

"THE Editor has found no authoritative text of this poem, to his mind superior to any other of its class in melody and pathos. Part is probably not later than the seventeenth century: in other stanzas a more modern hand, much resembling Scott's, is traceable. Logan's poem [No. 12] exhibits a knowledge rather of the old legend than of the old verses" (F. T. P.).

Metre.—See note to preceding poem. Observe the irregular scansion of l. 5: the first foot is monosyllabic instead of dissyllabic: in other words, there is a pathetic lingering on the first syllable of the line. The rhyme in the middle of lines 5 and 25 is another pathetic touch, the recurring sound having the same plaintive effect as the repetition of the lover's name.

7. **hecht**, S., promised. It also means 'called,' as in Douglas' *Virgil*, "There was an ancient cieté *hecht* Cartage." It is the same word as the old English *hight*, which likewise has these two meanings. Cp. Chaucer, *Wife of Bath's Tale*, "He had held his way as he had *hight*."

17. **lav'rock**, S., lark. Cp. Burns, *Lament of Mary Queen of Scots*, "Now *lav'rocks* wake the merry morn Aloft on dewy wing."

20. **Leader haughs**, the valley meadows by the side of the river Leader. Cp. Wordsworth in *Yarrow Unvisited* (*G. T.*, ccv. 17).

32. **twined o'**, S., parted from. Cp. the old ballad, *Fine flowers in the valley*:

"She's ta'en out her little penknife,
(Fine flowers in the valley):
And *twin'd* the sweet babe o' its life,
(And the green leaves they grow rarely)."

38. **braid and narrow.** Such antithetical expressions are a common feature of ballad poetry, and their meaning must not be pressed. But this phrase seems to have a special propriety here: *broadly*, far and wide; *narrowly*, carefully.

14. *Toll for the brave*

"THIS little poem might be called one of our trial-pieces, in regard to taste. The reader who feels the vigour of description and the force of pathos underlying Cowper's bare and truly Greek simplicity of phrase, may assure himself *se valde profecisse in poetry*" (F. T. P.).

"Given an ordinary newspaper paragraph about wreck or battle, turn it into the simplest possible language, do not introduce a single metaphor or figure of speech, indulge in none but the most obvious of all reflections,—as, for example, that when a man is drowned he won't win any more battles—and produce as the result a copy of verses which nobody can ever read without instantly knowing them by heart. How Cowper managed to perform such a feat, and why not one poet even in a hundred can perform it, are questions which might lead to some curious critical speculation."—Leslie Stephen, *Hours in a Library*, Vol. II.

That Cowper did not achieve his success by accident may be inferred from his reply to Johnson's criticism of Prior's verse: "To make verse speak the language of prose without being prosaic, to marshal the words of it in such an order as they might naturally take in falling from the lips of an extemporary speaker, yet without ineanness, harmoniously, elegantly, and without seeming to displace a syllable for the sake of the rhyme, is *one of the most arduous tasks a poet can undertake*." (Southey's *Life of Cowper*, ch. 12.)

Mr. Storr quotes from Lord Stanhope's *History of England*, chap. LXVI., as follows:

"Lord Howe had no sooner come back from this successful cruise, than with equal spirit he pressed the re-equipment of his fleet for another expedition in aid of Gibraltar. But the return of our ships to Portsmouth, joyful as at first it seemed, was dashed by a grievous disaster, which, though occurring in a peaceful harbour, equalled the worst calamities of war. The *Royal George*, of 108 guns, commanded by the gallant Admiral Kempenfeldt, was deemed the first ship in the British navy. It had borne a conspicuous part in the celebrated action of Lord Hawke on the coasts of Brittany, and since that time had been repeatedly the flagship of nearly all our great commanders. In order to stop a slight leak previous to a new expedition, it became necessary to lay this vessel slightly on her side. But so little risk was anticipated from the operation, that the Admiral

with his officers and men remained on board. Nay more, as is usually the case on coming into port, the ship was crowded with people from the shore, especially women and children; and the number of women only has been computed at three hundred. Such was the state of things at ten o'clock on the morning of the 29th of August, the Admiral writing in his cabin, and most of the people between decks; and it is supposed that the carpenters in their eagerness may have inclined the ship a little more than they were ordered, or than the commanders knew, when a sudden squall of wind arising, threw the ship fatally upon her side, and her gun-ports being open, she almost instantly filled with water and went down. A victualler which lay alongside was swallowed up in the whirlpool which the plunge of so vast a body caused, and several small craft, though at some distance, were in the most imminent danger. About three hundred—chiefly sailors—were able to save themselves by swimming and the boats; but the persons that perished—men, women, and children—though they could not be accurately reckoned, amounted, it is thought, to almost a thousand. Of these no one was more deeply and more deservedly lamented than Admiral Kempenfeldt himself. He was held, both abroad and at home, to be one of the best naval officers of his time; the son of a Swedish gentleman, who, coming early into the English service, generously followed the ruined fortunes of his master, James the Second, but who, after the death of that monarch, was recalled by Queen Anne, and who has been portrayed by Addison in his excellent sketch of Captain Sentry."

Metre.—Iambic; three accents in each line. The first line is to be read very slowly, the first two monosyllables each taking the place of a dissyllable: *Tóll fór the brave*. So l. 25: *Weigh the véssel úp*. Cp. Shakespeare's "*Stáy, the Kíng hath thrówn his wárder dówn*."

Cowper himself speaks of the poem as written in Alexandrines, i.e. lines of six iambic feet. It was probably an afterthought, therefore, to divide the long lines into two. The choice of metre was determined by the air for which Cowper composed these words as a song.

4. *Fast* by, close beside, very near. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 725, "*Fast by Hell Gate*." This use is now obsolete except in poetry, but was once fairly common in prose. It comes naturally from the original sense of the adverb, 'firmly,' 'fixedly.'

25. *weigh*, raise, as in the expression 'to *weigh* anchor.' From A.S. *wegan*, 'to carry.'

"In 1782 and the following year attempts were made to lift the ship by means of cables passed under her keel. These failing, it was blown up by help of divers in 1839" (F. Storr).

27-8. There may be a reminiscence of these lines in Campbell's *Battle of the Baltic* (G.T., COLL. 55-63).

31. Cp. Campbell again in *Ye Mariners of England* (G.T., COLL. 25, 26), "With thunders from her native oak She quells the floods below."

15. *All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd*

JOHN GAY was born at Barnstable in 1688. He was apprenticed to a London silk-mercator, but soon abandoned this trade for literature. He dedicated his first poem to Pope, who became his friend. His most famous achievement is his *Beggar's Opera*, 1728, which was said to have made "Gay rich and Rich (the manager) gay." But little of his work is now read except the two ballads of *Black-Eyed Susan* and 'Twas when the Seas were Roaring, and perhaps his *Fables*. He was a great favourite in society, and the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry took him to live with them in his last years. Dying in 1732, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Pope wrote his epitaph, beginning "Of manners gentle, of affections mild; In wit a man, simplicity a child."

1. Downs, "The part of the sea within the Goodwin Sands, off the east coast of Kent, a famous rendezvous for ships. It lies opposite to the eastern termination of the North Downs" (N. E. D.).

2. streamers, flags. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.*, III., Prologue, 6, "His brave fleet With silken streamers the young Phoebus fanning."

15. chance is probably a verb for 'it chance,' but practically takes the place of an adverb 'by chance.' Cp. Shakespeare, *II. Henry IV.*, II. i. 12, "It may chance cost some of us our lives"; *Merry Wives*, v. v. 230, "How chance you went not with Master Slender?" Also cp. No. 36. 95.

16. *Of all the girls that are so smart*

"A LITTLE masterpiece in a very difficult style: Catullus himself could hardly have bettered it. In grace, tenderness, simplicity, and humour, it is worthy of the Ancients: and even more so, from the completeness and unity of the picture presented" (F. T. P.).

HENRY CAREY (died 1743) was a musician and a writer of operas and burlesques, the most famous of which is *Chrononhotontologos*, "the most tragical tragedy ever yet tragedized by any company of tragedians." The authorship of *God Save the King* is sometimes attributed to him, and was claimed for him

by his son, but apparently without reason. *Sally in our Alley*, first published about 1715, won praise, according to Carey himself, from 'the divine Addison.' Carey also said that the poem owed its origin to his having 'dodged' a 'prentice treating his mistress to various London amusements.

35. lurch. "The phrase 'to leave in the lurch' was derived from its use in an old game; to *lurch* is still used in playing cribbage.... The game is mentioned in Cotgrave: *F. louché*, 'the game called Lurche, or a Lurch in game; *il demeura louché*, he was left in the lurch.' He also gives: *Ourche*, 'the game at table called lurch'" (Skeat). 'To leave in the lurch' has come to mean 'leave in a forlorn condition.'

17. *Go fetch to me a pint o' wine*

BURNS stated that the first four lines were old. Messrs. Henley and Henderson (*Poetry of Burns*, Vol. III.), say: "A ballad, *O Errol, it's a bonny place*, in Sharpe's *Ballad Book* (1823) begins thus:

"Go fetch to me a pint of wine,
Go fill it to the brim;
That I may drink my gude Lord's health,
Tho' Errol be his name."

And Burns may have had little more than some such suggestion for his brilliant and romantic first quatrain."

2. *tassie*, S., goblet. French, *tasse*.
4. *service*, i.e. in token of my duty to her.
5. *Leith*, the Port of Edinburgh.
6. *ferry*, across the Firth of Forth.
7. *rides*, floats at anchor.

the *Berwick-law*, North Berwick Law, in Haddingtonshire, overlooking the Firth of Forth. *Law* is a Scottish and North-umbrian term for a hill, especially one more or less round or conical.

12. *thick*. Another reading is *deep*.

18. *If doughty deeds my lady please*

ROBERT GRAHAM, of Gartmore, on the borders of Perth and Stirling, was in early life a planter in Jamaica. He was chosen rector of Glasgow University in 1785, in opposition to Burke; and represented the county of Stirling in parliament from 1794 to 1796. Scott inserted this song in the first edition of his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, under the impression that it

was of the age of Charles I. It had, he wrote after the real authorship had been discovered, "much of the romantic expression of passion, common to the poets of that period, whose lays still reflected the setting beams of chivalry."

1. **doughty**, valiant, applied both to persons and things. It is an old English word corresponding to the German *tüchtig*, capable. It is still in use, but always with an archaic, and generally with a humorous flavour.

12. **trow**, believe. Cp. *Luke* (A.V.) xvii. 9, "I trow not."

14 **dight**, equip, dress. The verb was derived from the Latin *dictare*, and originally meant 'to dictate,' then 'to appoint, ordain.' The meaning 'put in order, array, dress,' is, however, an early one; and this is the use that has survived in literature chiefly in the past participle.

16. **squire**. See No. 12. 12 and note.

23. No maiden blames me for her ruin. **Skaith**, S., hurt, damage: used as a verb in No. 38. 13. Cp. English *scathe*, and Germ. *schaden*. "Ha, how grete harme and *skaith* for evermare that child has caught, throw lesing of his moder," Douglas, *Virgil*.

25. **ride the ring**. Cp. Scott in *Rosabelle* (G.T., CCLXXXI. 21), "Tis not because the ring they ride." "A ring was suspended, not tightly fastened, but so that it could easily be detached from a horizontal beam resting on two upright posts. The players rode at full speed through the archway thus made, and as they went under passed their lance-points, or aimed at passing them, through the ring, and so bore it off. See Ellis's *Brand's Popular Antiquities*, re-edited by Hazlitt" (Prof. Hales).

19. *Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade*

THE limpid purity of the stream and the smoothness of its surface find their counterparts in the exquisite purity and simplicity of the language and the unbroken melody of the verse.

4. Cp. Gray in his *Elegy* (No. 36. 73), "Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife." We may contrast the surroundings of the heroine of Matthew Arnold's *Requiescat*: "Her life was turning, turning, In mazes of heat and sound."

9. **watery glass**, the smooth and transparent surface of the stream.

20. *Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile*

By his dates (1763-1855) SAMUEL ROGERS, the contemporary of Wordsworth and Byron, belongs to the period covered by the Fourth Book of the *Golden Treasury*. But though the influence of Wordsworth and the new romantic movement is manifest in

his *Italy*, written 1819-1834, the merits of Rogers' best work are rather those of the eighteenth century than those of the newer verse. In this poem and in No. 34 we have—as in so much of Cowper—the “tenderness, thoughtfulness and grace” that were destined, as Sir Henry Taylor said, to be “trampled in the dust” along with the “didactic dullness” of which the nineteenth century accused the eighteenth.

Some of the differences between the poetry of the two centuries will be suggested by a comparison of this poem with Tennyson's *Sleeping Beauty*, one of the sections of *The Day-Dream*. Much nearer to the tone of Rogers is Hood's poem, *The Death Bed* (G. T., CCLXXIX.).

21. *For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove*

“PERHAPS no writer who has given such strong proofs of the poetic nature has left less satisfactory poetry than Thomson. Yet this song, with *Rule Britannia* and a few others, must make us regret that he did not more seriously apply himself to lyrical writing” (F. T. P.).

3. *mutual*, reciprocating our feeling, loving us as we love it.

7. *genial*, full of cheerfulness and vitality. In the old Roman religion the *Genius* was the tutelary spirit that watched over each individual life: this *Genius* was “the source of the good gifts and hours which brighten the life of the individual man, and also the source of his physical and mental health—in a word, his good spirit” (Preller). See note on No. 5. 15, “*Genii*.”

10. *loveless, joyless vow*, the French *mariage de convenance*.

14. *absolve* thee from caring for me in the future.

16. *Make but*, i.e. If only thou wilt make. With this substitution of an imperative for a conditional clause, compare the similar construction in Virgil, *Eclogue* x. 4-6, *Sic tibi. . . Doris amara suam non intermisceat undam: Incipe*.

22. *The merchant, to secure his treasure*

MATTHEW PRIOR, poet and diplomatist, was born in Dorsetshire in 1664. He was educated at Westminster under Dr. Busby, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. His *City Mouse and Country Mouse* written, in conjunction with Montague, to ridicule Dryden's *Hind and Panther*, procured him an appointment as secretary to the embassy at the Hague. He served in other embassies, and in 1713-4 was ambassador at Paris. With the fall of the Tories in 1714 his prosperity came to an end. He died in 1721. See Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* and Thackeray's *English Humourists*. For Cowper's high opinion of Prior's verse see the quotation in the introductory note to No. 14.

"Prior's seem to me amongst the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems. Horace is always in his mind; and his song, and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master."—Thackeray, *English Humourists*.

"His is the 'nameless charm' of Piron's epigram,—that fugitive *je ne sais quoi* of gaiety, of wit, of grace, of audacity, it is impossible to say what, which eludes analysis as the principle of life escapes the anatomist. In the present case it lifts its possessor above any other writer of familiar verse; but it is something to which we cannot give a name, unless, indeed, we take refuge in paradox, and say that it is... MATTHEW PRIOR."—Austin Dobson in Ward's *English Poets*.

2. *Conveys*, etc., i.e. Professes his cargo to be something less valuable than it really is. On this passage Prof. Rowley writes to me as follows: "It is far, I imagine, from being the only passage in the poets in which the parallelism between the thing that illustrates and the thing illustrated is not consistently maintained throughout, either breaking down before it reaches the end or being intermittent only. Here the poet, *making* love to Euphelia while he *means* love to Cloe, seems to be struck by the resemblance of his conduct to that of a merchant who consigns a specially precious commodity under a lying label, thinking it will thereby be conveyed to its destination in greater safety; and so, in his good ship, 'Verse,' consigns *Love to Cloe* labelled *Love to Euphelia*, without concerning himself about the delivery of his commodity—how Cloe is to get that which is really hers. 'Conveys' doubtless stands for 'gets it conveyed.'"

7. *noted*, made known.

23. *Never seek to tell thy love*

WILLIAM BLAKE (1757-1827), poet, painter, designer and mystic, is one of the most remarkable figures in English literature and English art. He lived apart from his contemporaries, by whom he was not appreciated or understood; and drawing inspiration from the Elizabethan poets, but still more from Nature herself, he anticipated in some ways the romantic movement in English poetry which is often dated from the publication of *Lyrical Ballads* by Coleridge and Wordsworth in 1798.

"With what insight and tenderness, yet in how few words, has this painter-poet here himself told *Love's Secret*!" (F.T.P.)

Metre.—Irregular. Blake did not write his verses by the book. Rules of verse are meant to help, not to trammel, the artist; and the poet must in each case decide for himself how far he will abide by them. He may make or mar his poem by a

bold departure from rule. The effect of the irregularity in this poem, for instance, is to aid the sense of a mysterious and gentle wind blowing where it listeth, 'silently, invisibly.' There are no metrical discords; but the element of unexpectedness in the rhythm gives it a certain unpremeditated charm. "Where he is successful," Mr. Comyns Carr says of Blake, "his work has the fresh perfume and perfect grace of a flower, and at all times there is *the air of careless growth* that belongs to the shapes of outward nature."

10. **A traveller.** Blake's poetry is full of symbols, and one can hardly interpret the symbols without narrowing their meaning unduly and destroying the poetry. But it may help some readers to be told that the 'traveller' is the conviction that she is loved entering the heart of the beloved one.

24. *When lovely woman stoops to folly*

FROM *The Vicar of Wakefield*, ch. xxiv. These eight lines are the only verses by OLIVER GOLDSMITH in *The Golden Treasury*. The whole bulk of Goldsmith's poetry is not large, but his *Deserted Village* must find a place in every anthology of longer English poems.

25. *Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon*

BURNS wrote three versions of this song—all of them, probably, in 1791. The first began, "Sweet are the banks, the banks o' Doon." The second, and by far the most perfect, begins, "Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon." This is the version which, except in the first line, Mr. F. T. Palgrave has adopted. The third and best known version runs as follows:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonie Doon,
 How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,
 And I sae weary fu' o' care!
 Thou'll break my heart, thou warbling bird,
 That wantons thro' the flowering thorn!
 Thou minds me o' departed joys,
 Departed never to return.
 Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon
 To see the rose and woodbine twine,
 And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,
 And fondly sae did I o' mine.
 Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
 Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree!
 And my fause luvier staw my rose—
 But ah! he left the thorn wi' me."

A comparison of the above with the version in the text will furnish a good lesson in literary criticism. (1) The additional epithets weaken the simplicity and brevity to which the poem owes so much of its pathetic power. (2) The later version loses a repetition that is full of meaning—the passionate recurrence of “Thou’lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird”—and inserts in lines 7 and 8 a repetition of ‘departed’ that is only a weakness. (3) Indeed the introduction of the word ‘departed,’ not to be found in either of the earlier versions, in itself strikes a false note: the rest of the poem is pure Scottish: this word recalls the atmosphere of conventional English poetry. (4) In the last line “But left the thorn wi’ me” is more powerful than “But ah! he left the thorn wi’ me,” because the first version lets us feel the pathos for ourselves, the second insists on calling our attention to it.

“Are you not forgetting,” said I, “that Burns was not then singing of himself, but of some forsaken damsel, as appears by the second stanza? which few, by the way, care to remember. As unremember’d it may have been,” I continued, after a pause, ‘by the only living—and like to live—Poet I had known, when, so many years after, he found himself beside that ‘bonnie Doon,’ and whether it were from recollection of poor Burns, or of ‘the days that are no more’ which haunt us all, I know not—but, he somehow ‘broke’ as he told me, ‘broke into a passion of tears.’” —Fitzgerald’s *Euphranor* (*Literary Remains*, Vol. II., p. 53). The ‘living poet’ referred to was Tennyson.

26. *Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake*

THE writing of this Ode seems to have been spread over several years. It was completed before Dec. 26, 1754, when Gray sent it to Wharton, calling it an “Ode in the Greek manner,” and adding, “If this be as tedious to you, as it is grown to me, I shall be sorry that I sent it you.” It was printed in 1757 along with *The Bard* (No. 8) at Horace Walpole’s private press, Strawberry Hill, the two Odes being entitled simply ‘Ode I.’ and ‘Ode II.’ A motto from Pindar, *Olymp. II.*, was prefixed—*φωνᾶντα συνεροῖσι*, “vocal to (or, having meaning for) the intelligent.” A friendly reviewer suggested that Gray might with propriety have completed the quotation—*ἐς δὲ τὸ πᾶν ἐρμηνέων χαρίζε*, “but for the generality they need interpreters.” Gray acted upon the hint in the edition of 1768, gave the quotation in full, and added notes, together with the following ‘advertisement.’ “When the Author first published this and the following Ode, he was advised, even by his Friends, to subjoin some explanatory Notes, but had too much respect for the understanding of his Readers to take that liberty.”

Though Gray’s *Elegy* (No. 36) is justly esteemed the most

precious part of his poetical legacy, this Ode in some respects represents the high-water mark of his achievement. Nowhere else is the flight of his imagination so lofty, or the pomp of his language so splendid, as in the stanzas to Shakespeare and Milton, whilst the lyric melody and the sympathy with Nature of his lines about Greece (66-76) are worthy of Milton's *Nativity Ode* (G. T., LXXXV.) or Shelley's *Hellas*.

For other poetic reviews of "the progress of poetry," see Collins' *Ode to Simplicity* (No. 2), Cowper's *Table Talk*, Keats' early poem *Sleep and Poetry*, Mr. William Watson's *Wordsworth's Grave*. Matthew Arnold borrowed Gray's title for his little poetical apologue, "Youth rambles on life's arid mount."

Metre.—See note to *The Bard* (No. 8).

Analysis of the Ode (from Gray's Notes).—"1, The subject and simile, as usual with Pindar, are united. The various services of poetry, which gives life and lustre to all it touches, are here described; its quiet majestic progress enriching every subject (otherwise dry and barren) with a pomp of diction and luxuriant harmony of numbers; and its more rapid and irresistible course, when swoln and hurried away by the conflict of tumultuous passions. 13-24, Power of harmony to calm the turbulent sallies of the soul. 25-41, Power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body. 42-53, To compensate the real and imaginary ills of life, the Muse was given to mankind by the same Providence that sends the Day, by its cheerful presence, to dispel the gloom and terrors of the Night. 54-65, Extensive influence of poetic Genius over the remotest and most uncivilised nations; its connection with liberty, and the virtues that naturally attend on it. 66-82, Progress of Poetry from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England. 83-94, Shakespeare. 95-102, Milton. 105, Meant to express the stately march and sounding energy of Dryden's rhimes."

1. **Awake**. "Awake, my glory; awake, lute and harp.—David's *Psalms* [lvii. 9]" (G.).

Æolian lyre. "Pindar styles his own poetry, with its musical accompaniments, *Αιολής μολπή*, *Αιολίδες χορδαί*, *Αιολίδων τροαί αὐλῶν*, Æolian song, Æolian strings, the breath of the Æolian flute" (G.). This note was added in correction of the mistake made by one of Gray's reviewers who confused the "Æolian lyre" with the instrument known as "the Æolian harp." Lyric poetry was called by the Greeks Æolian because Sappho and Alcaeus, two of the greatest lyric poets, were natives of the island of Lesbos in the region known as Æolia or Æolis, and wrote in the Æolic dialect.

2. **rapture**, inspiration. Cp. l. 96, 'Extasy.'

3. **Helicon**, a mountain range in Bœotia, Northern Greece. In

it were the two fountains, Aganippe and Hippocrene, sacred to the Muses.

4. *mazy*. Cp. Coleridge in *Kubla Khan* (G.T., CCCXVI. 25), "Five miles meandering with a *mazy* motion."

5. *laughing*. Cp. Virgil, *Ecl.* iv. 20, *Mixtaque ridenti colorata fundet acantho*; Wordsworth, *Ode to Duty* (G.T., CCLII. 45), "Flowers *laugh* before thee on their beds"; Shelley, *Adonais*, l. 441, "A light of *laughing* flowers along the grass is spread."

9. Ceres, the goddess of corn. *reign*, realm: Cp. No. 48. 36, "The limits of their little *reign*."

10. Cp. Horace's description of Pindar in *Odes*, iv. ii., *Monte decurrens velut amnis*, "Like a stream rushing down from the mountain."

amain, with main force, mightily; used by Shakespeare and Milton.

13. "The thoughts are borrowed from the first Pythian of Pindar" (G.). Gray adds on l. 20, "This is a weak imitation of some incomparable lines in the same Ode." Mr. E. Myers translates the passage as follows: "O golden Lyre, thou common treasure of Apollo and the Muses violet-tressed, thou whom the dancer's step, prelude of festal mirth, obeyeth, and the singers heed thy bidding, what time with quivering strings thou utterest preamble of choir-leading overture—lo, even the sworded lightning of immortal fire thou quenchest, and on the sceptre of Zeus his eagle sleepeth, slackening his swift wings either side, the king of birds, for a dark mist thou hast distilled on his arched head, a gentle seal upon his eyes, and he in slumber heaveth his supple back, spell-bound beneath thy throbs. Yea, also violent Ares, leaving far off the fierce point of his spears, letteth his heart have joy in rest, for thy shafts soothe hearts divine by the cunning of Leto's son and the deep-bosomed Muses."

14. *solemn-breathing*. Cp. Milton, *Comus*, 555, "A soft and *solemn-breathing* sound Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes."

15. *shell*, used in English poetry—as *χελύς* in Greek, and *testudo* in Latin—for 'lyre.' In Greek mythology the lyre was said to have been invented by Hermes out of a tortoise-shell. Cp. Collins in No. 27. 3, "The Passions oft, to hear her *shell*."

17. *the Lord of War*. Ares, the God of War, identified by the Romans with Mars, was specially worshipped in Thrace. Cp. Chaucer's description, in his *Knights Tale*, of 'the grete temple of Mars in Thrace.'

19. Orpheus, in classical legend, lived in Thrace, and attempted to civilise his fellow-countrymen.

20. **Perching** agrees with *king*. **feathered king**, an expression also applied to the eagle in the *Phoenix and Turtle*, lines attributed to Shakespeare.

26. **Tempered to**, regulated by, attuned to. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas* (G.T., LXXXIX. 33) "*Tempered to the oaten flute.*"

27. **Idalla**, in Cyprus, where Aphrodite (Venus) was worshipped.

velvet green. Dr. Johnson objected to the epithet, laying down the principle that "An epithet or metaphor drawn from Nature ennobles Art; an epithet or metaphor drawn from Art degrades Nature." Some readers at least have felt the same objection to Tennyson's description of a waterfall as "dropping veils of finest lawn." But Gray was following Shakespeare: "the summer's *velvet* buds," *Henry V.*, i. ii. 194.

28. **rosy crowned Loves**, Cupids crowned with roses.

29. **Cythera**. Aphrodite (Venus) was fabled to have risen from the foam of the sea, and to have appeared first at Cythera, an island off Laconia, in the south of Greece.

30. **antic**, the same word as 'antique.' So Milton seems to have written "With *antick* pillars mossy proof" in *Il Penseroso*, 158. Gray means 'quaint but not ungraceful': cp. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, iv. i. 130, "I'll charm the air to give a sound, While you perform your *antic* round." "Its modern sense of 'grotesque' is probably derived from the remains of ancient sculpture rudely imitated and caricatured by mediaeval artists, and from the figures in *Masques* and *Antimasques* dressed in ancient costume, particularly satyrs and the like" (Dr. Aldis Wright).

31. **frolic**, adjective, the German *fröhlich*, joyful, merry. Cp. Milton, *L'Allegro* (G.T., CXLIV. 18), "The *frolic* wind that breathes the spring"; Tennyson, *Ulysses*, "That ever with a *frolic* welcome took The thunder and the sunshine."

35. "Μαρμαρυγὰς θηέϊρο ποδῶν· θαύμαζε δὲ θυμῷ," Homer, *Odyssey*, viii. 265" (G.) "He gazed on the flashing of the feet and marvelled in his mind."

many-twinkling. Johnson condemned the compound as incorrectly formed: "We may say 'many spotted,' but scarcely 'many spotting.'" The word had been used by Thomson in 1728, *Spring*, l. 158, "the *many-twinkling* leaves Of aspin tall." It was afterwards used by Keble, who translates the ἀντίθμον γέλασμα of Aeschylus by "The *many-twinkling* smile of ocean" (*Christian Year*, 2nd Sunday after Trinity).

38. **sublime**, in the literal sense of 'uplifted.' Lat. *sublimis*. Cp. l. 95.

39. **wins**. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, II. 1016, "On all sides round Environed *wins* his way."

41. "Λάμπει δ' ἐπὶ πορφύρεσσι παρέρσσι φῶς ἔρωτος, Phrynichus apud Athenæum [XIV. 604a]" (G.). "And on his roseate cheeks gleams the light of love." Phrynichus was an early Greek tragic poet, a contemporary of Aeschylus. Cp. also Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 590, *lumenque iuventae Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflarat honores*, "Venus had shed on her son the purple light of youth and the glad lustre in his eyes."

46. **fond**, 'foolish,' the sense which the word bears in Milton, Shakespeare, and the Authorised Version of the Bible.

47. **justify the laws**. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, I. 26, "Justify the ways of God to men."

50. **boding**, i.e. boding evil, ominous.

51. **gives**, 'allows,' a sense which the Lat. *dat* sometimes bears.

52. "Or seen the Morning's well-appointed Star

Come marching up the eastern hills afar.—Cowley" (G.).

53. **Hyperion**, the sun. Homer's name for the sun-god is Ὑπερίων Ἥλιος. Gray followed Shakespeare (*Hamlet*, I. ii. 140), as Keats did afterwards, in making the penultimate syllable short: the word should strictly be Hypérion.

spy, "without the idea of secrecy now always attaching to it" (Bradshaw).

glittering shafts of war, the rays of the morning compared to the shining spears of an advancing host; a fine application of the *lucida tela diei*, 'glittering shafts of day,' in *Lucretius*, I. 147.

54-65. "See the Erse, Norwegian, and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs" (G.). 'Erse fragments' refers to Macpherson's *Fragments of Ancient Poetry collected in the Highlands of Scotland and translated from the Gaelic or Erse language*, Edinburgh, 1760. The note is evidence that Gray believed in the genuineness of Macpherson's discoveries as late as 1768. Gray was much interested in fragments of ancient Norse and Welsh poetry, and several translations from these sources will be found among his poems.

54. "*Extra anni solisque vias*, Virgil [*Aen.*, VI. 797]. *Tutta lontana dal camin del sole*, Petrarch [*Canzone*, I. § 3]" (G.).

54-58. Mr. Tovey points out that the description is 'epitomized' from Virgil, *Georgics*, III. 352-383.

59. **laid** may agree with 'Youth,' but it is better to take it with 'Muse.'

60. **savage**, perhaps in its original sense of 'woodland.' In this sense Spenser used it, spelling it 'salvage' (Lat. *silvaticus*).

repeat, *celebrate* in verse.

62. **feather-cinctured.** Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 1115-8:

"Such of late
Columbus found the American, so girt
With *feathered cincture*, naked else and wild
Among the trees on isles and woody shores."

dusky. The epithet is an improvement on Pope's "woo their *sable* loves" in *Windsor Forest*, 410.

64. **pursue.** The subjects to the verb are Glory, Shame, Mind, and Flame. **generous shame**, the feeling of sensitive honour, the Greek *αἰδώς*, the Latin *pudor*, natural to noble minds. **unconquerable mind** recalls Milton's 'unconquerable will,' *Paradise Lost*, i. 106.

Dugald Stewart writes on these lines: "I cannot help remarking the effect of the solemn and uniform flow of verse in this exquisite stanza, in retarding the pronunciation of the reader, so as to arrest his attention to every successive picture, till it has time to produce its proper impression."

66-82. "Chaucer was not unacquainted with the writings of Dante or of Petrarch. The Earl of Surrey and Sir Thomas Wyatt had travelled in Italy, and formed their taste there. Spenser imitated the Italian writers; Milton improved on them; but this school expired soon after the Restoration, and a new one arose on the French model, which has subsisted ever since" (G.). But though Gray's note thus acknowledges the great obligations of English poets to Italy, his poem, like Collins' *Ode to Simplicity*, conveys the impression that Latinism lost her ancient spirit very speedily. Neither Ode recognises the fact that mediaeval Italy, in its poetry and painting, was extraordinarily rich in those imaginative gifts which the old Roman nation lacked. The contrast between ancient and mediaeval Italy in this respect is admirably emphasised in the lecture by the late Dean Church on *Christianity and the Latin Races (Gifts of Civilisation)*, p. 186).

"The classic names in this stanza are not inserted at random. The oracle of Apollo at Delphi is mentioned first, as the shrine of the God of Poesy. It was also in a sense the *focus* of a poetry of the severest and most religious type: that of Hesiod, for example, and Pindar. Thence we pass to the islands of the Ægean, to Delos, the mythic birthplace of Apollo where hymns were yearly sung in his honour, to Lesbos (Sappho and Alcaeus), Ceos (Simonides), etc.; the Ilissos, again, represents for us Athens as the scene in which dramatic poetry reached its perfection (Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides); the remainder recalls the poetry of Asia Minor, from the Ionian coast of which the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, according to the general belief both of ancient and modern times, first came to Greece proper" (Tovey).

66. **Delphi's steep.** Cp. Milton, *Nativity Ode* (*G.T.*, LXXXV. 178), "With hollow shriek the Steep of Delphos leaving."

67. Cp. Byron's lines in *Don Juan* on "The Isles of Greece."

68. **Ilissus.** The name will recall to lovers of Greek literature the scene of Plato's *Phaedrus*—in which dialogue Socrates and his friend stroll up the dry river-channel and choose a shady spot for a seat—and to lovers of English poetry the famous 'purple patch' in Milton's *Paradise Regained*, the description of Athens in Book IV.

69. **amber.** Gray seems to use this epithet to describe the colour of the Maeander, which is a muddy river: cp. the epithet *flavus*, 'yellow,' 'tawny,' given by Roman poets to the Tiber. But Milton has twice used the expression "amber stream," once of "the River of Bliss" (*Paradise Lost*, III. 359), once of Chaospea, "the drink of none but kings" (*Paradise Regained*, III. 288), in both cases evidently denoting the purity of the water. Cp. Virgil, *Georgic* III. 520, *Purior electro campum petit amnis* ("a stream purer than amber makes its way to the plain"). See the interesting note in which Mr. Tovey discusses Gray's meaning.

70. **lingering.** Cp. Ovid, *Heroides*, LX. 55, *Maeandros, toties qui terris errat in isdem, Qui lassas in se saepe retorquet aquas* ("Maeander, that wanders so often amid the same lands, and often turns back his weary waters upon their course"), and Milton, *Comus*, 230, "By slow Maeander's margent green."

73. **poetic mountain.** Though the Greeks constantly associated mountains with poetry the feeling expressed in this line was a new thing in English literature. The reality of Gray's love for mountains is attested by an often-quoted passage in his letters: "In our little journey up to the Grande Chartreuse I do not remember to have gone ten paces without an exclamation that there was no restraining: not a precipice, not a torrent, not a cliff, but is fragrant with religion and poetry" (Nov. 16, 1739). The moderns have, however, carried the love of mountains much further than Gray, who confessed that he thought Mont Cenis "carried the permission mountains have of being frightful rather too far, and its horrors were accompanied with too much danger to give me time to reflect upon their beauties."

75. **hallowed fountain.** In the Greek religion every fountain had its own spirit.

77. **the sad Nine, the Muses, sad because of the decay of Greece.**

78. **Latian plains, the plains of Latium, in which Rome is situated.** Gray was doubtless thinking of Horace (*Epistles*, II. i. 156): *Graecia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes Intulit agresti*

Latia, "Captive Greece led captive her fierce conqueror and brought the arts to savage Latium."

79. **tyrant Power**, Imperial Rome. **coward Vice**, the degeneracy of the Greeks that moved the Roman satirist to scorn—*Graeculus esuriens in caelum iusseris ibit*—Juvenal's line, known to English readers in Johnson's brilliant adaptation: "All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows, And bid him go to hell, to hell he goes."

83. **the sun**, the sunny South, Greece and Italy.

84. **green lap**. Cp. Milton, *Song on May Morning*:

"The flowery May, who from her *green lap* throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose."

Nature's Darling. Shakespeare is so called as having been taught by Nature, not by the schools. Thus Milton contrasts him with Jonson, *L'Allegro* (*G. T.*, CXLIV. 131-4):

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

87. **dauntless child**. Cp. Horace's description of his own childhood, *Odes*, III. 4. 20, *Non sine dis animosus infans*.

88. **smiled**. Cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* IV., *Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem* ("Begin, little child, to recognise thy mother with a smile") addressed to the child whose birth was to inaugurate a new Golden Age.

89. **pencil**, Lat. *penicillus*, here used in its original sense, 'the painter's brush.'

90. **year**, season. Cp. 'sullen year' in No. 1. 17.

93. **of horror that**. That (key can unlock the gates) of Horror.

94. Cp. *πηγάς δακρύων*, 'founts of tears,' Sophocles, *Antigone*, 803.

95-102. In allusion to Milton's lines about himself, *Paradise Lost*, VII. 12-14:

"Up led by thee
Into the Heaven of Heavens I have presumed,
An earthly guest, and drawn empyreal air."

95. Cp. "He on the wings of cherub rode sublime," *Par. Lost*, VI. 771.

96. **Extasy**, inspiration. Cp. 'rapture' in l. 2.

98. "Flammantia moenia mundi, *Lucretius*, I. 74" (G.).

99. "For the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels
. . . And above the firmament, that was over their heads, was

the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire-stone.
 . . . This was the appearance of the glory of the Lord—*Ezekiel*,
 i. 20, 26, 28" (G.). Cp. also *Par. Lost*, vi. 758.

"Whereon a sapphire throne, inlaid with pure
 Amber, and colours of the showery arch."

101. Cp. *Par. Lost*, iii. 380, "Dark with excessive bright thy
 skirts appear."

102. "'Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε' δίδου δ' ἡδεῖαν δοιδῆν, Homer,
Odyssey, viii. 64" (G.). "The Muse robbed (the minstrel
 Demodocus) of his eyes, but she gave him sweet song." Milton
 himself compares his own case with that of

"Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
 And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

(*Par. Lost*, iii. 35.)

He attributed his blindness to his political labours: see the
 second of his two sonnets *To Cyriac Skinner*:

"What supports me, dost thou ask?

The conscience, friend, to have lost them overplied

In liberty's defence, my noble task,

Of which all Europe rings from side to side."

Gray's line is almost a translation of Virgil, *Aeneid*, x. 746, *In
 aeternam clauduntur lumina noctem*.

105. "The Heroic couplet was first introduced from Italy into
 England by Chaucer. Between Chaucer and Dryden it was
 adopted by many poets as their metrical form. The general
 French adoption of it gave it a new popularity in this country in
 the latter part of the seventeenth century. In Dryden's hands
 it assumed a new character; it acquired an amazing power and
 vigour, and a certain novel rapidity of movement" (Hales).

106. "Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? *Job* xxxix.
 19" (G.). The previous line may be a reminiscence of Virgil's
*currum geminosque iugales Semine ab aethereo, spirantes naribus
 ignem*, *Aeneid*, vii. 280.

108. We are meant to think of Fancy as an allegorical figure
 hovering in the air and scattering gifts—i.e. poetic images—from
 an urn appropriately covered with pictures.

110. "Words that weep, and tears that speak, *Cowley*" (G.).
 According to Mr. Gosse the line in Cowley is really "Tears
 which shall understand and weep."

Dugald Stewart (*Philosophy of Human Mind*) says: "I have
 sometimes thought Gray had in view the two different effects of
 words already described; the effect of *some* in awakening the
 powers of conception and imagination; and that of *others* in
 exciting associated emotions."

111. "We have had in our language no other odes of the sublime kind, than that of Dryden on St. Cecilia's Day; for Cowley (who had his merit) yet wanted judgment, style, and harmony, for such a task. That of Pope is not worthy of so great a man. Mr. Mason indeed of late days has touched the true chords, and with a masterly hand, in some of his choruses,—above all in the last of *Caractacus*: Hark! heard ye not yon footstep dread? etc." (G.). The ode of Dryden to which Gray refers is *Alexander's Feast* (*G.T.*, cxi.). It is curious that he does not mention Milton's *Nativity Ode*, but that may be because he has already spoken of Milton. The Mr. Mason whose work is extolled here is now only remembered as Gray's friend.

112. *daring*, presumptuous—Gray is speaking of himself.

115. *Theban eagle*, i.e. Pindar. "Ἄλως πρὸς ὄρνιθα θεῖον [the divine bird of Zeus], *Olymp.*, II. 159. Pindar compares himself to that bird, and his enemies to ravens that croak and clamour in vain below, while it pursues its flight, regardless of their noise" (G.).

117. *azure deep of air*. Cp. Shelley, *Skylark Ode* (*G.T.*, cclxxxvii. 9), "The blue deep thou wingest."

120. *orient*, bright, as of the rising sun, but yet "unborrowed of the sun":

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream."

(Wordsworth, *G.T.*, cccxxiii. 15.)

Cp. also Shelley's exquisite lines "On a Poet's lips I slept" (*G.T.*, cccxxiv.).

122. *vulgar*, common, the fate of the crowd: without the idea of 'bad taste' that attaches to the word at the present day.

27. *When Music, heavenly maid, was young*

By its subject this ode recalls three other odes famous in English poetry—Dryden's *Song for St. Cecilia's Day* and his *Alexander's Feast*, or, *The Power of Music*, and Pope's *Ode for Music on St. Cecilia's Day*. Collins has nothing to fear from a comparison: in greatness of imagination and in richness and variety of melody his Ode unquestionably surpasses its predecessors.

After the manner of its age the poem abounds in personified abstractions. But it is the distinction of Collins that he gives to such abstractions a genuine life:

"But from these create he can

Forms more real than living Man,

Nurslings of Immortality!" (Shelley, *G.T.*, cccxxiv.).

Whether the abstractions should be personified or not does not,

as has been objected in the case of Gray, depend upon the presence or absence of a capital letter. Such an epithet as "*Brown Exercise*" shows how real the figure was to Collins, and to the sympathetic reader his creations have all the reality of a group of statuary or a painting by a great master. At the same time, Collins' personifications are not like those of the later romantic poets; see introductory note to No. 35.

The Passions was the first of Collins' poems to become popular. It was early found to be suitable for recitation. This very fact is sufficient to show that, fine as it is, it falls below his odes *To Simplicity* (No. 2) and *To Evening* (No. 35), masterpieces of quiet beauty, with nothing declamatory about them.

Metre.—This is irregular after the fashion set by Cowley, whereas the Pindaric model followed by Gray is perfectly regular, as was explained in the note to No. 8. Observe the effect of the quiet, regular octosyllabics of the prologue (ll. 1-16) and epilogue (ll. 95-118) in chastening the unrestrained freedom of the intermediate stanzas. The licence of the *Passions* is aptly typified by licence of metre, but we begin and end with the moderating influence of the Muse.

Probably few readers notice that l. 45 has no rhyme to it. How many readers of *Lycidas* know that there are ten unrhymed lines in it, including the *first*? That can hardly be called a blemish which is so cunningly disguised.

3. *shell*. See note to No. 26. 15.

6. *Possess*. The verb *possess*, like the noun *possession*, is used specially of the power of a spirit 'entering into a man.'

8. *Disturb'd*. Cp. "My faltering voice and pausing harp *Disturb'd* her soul with pity," *Coleridge* (*G. T.*, CCXI. 68).

11. *myrtles*. A bough of myrtle was held by each guest at a Greek banquet as his turn for singing came. Cp. the famous Athenian drinking-song, "I'll wreathe my sword in myrtle now" (*Ἐν μύρτου κλαδί τὸ ξίφος φορέσω*). So Milton in *Lycidas* associates the myrtle as well as the laurel with song.

14. *forceful*, the opposite of *forceless* in No. 2. 39, "her forceless numbers."

16. *expressive power*, power of expression.

17. *Fear*, in Collins' conception, is "not cowardice but imaginative and sublime apprehension of the terrible" (Bronson). Collins wrote an ode to *Fear* and another to *Pity*.

Cp. with this stanza Sir P. Sidney's lines:

"A satyre once did runne away for dread
With sound of horne, which he himselfe did blow;
Fearing and fear'd, thus from himself he fled,
Deeming strange evill in that he did not know."

25. See the description of Despair and his cave in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, I. ix. 33-36.

32. Cp. the best-remembered line in Campbell's *Pleasures of Hope*, "Tis distance lends enchantment to the view."

35. So the lady in *Comus* "calls on Echo" in her song, "Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that livest unseen."

43. **war-denouncing**, threatening and proclaiming war: Lat. *denuntiare*. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, xi. 815, "He of their wicked ways Shall them admonish ... *denouncing* wrath to come On their impenitence."

45. **prophetic**, in allusion, perhaps, to the seven trumpets of the Seven Angels in the *Book of Revelation*, viii.-x.

47. **doubling**, doubling its sound, echoing. Cp. Pope, "the doubling thunder."

55. **veering**, turning in different directions, Fr. *virer*. Throughout its history the word has been used mostly of wind and of the course of ships.

58. **melancholy**. Cp. Milton's *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, CXLV.), especially his love of "close coverts" and "waters murmuring." The expression "haunted stream" is, however, taken from *L'Allegro* (*G.T.*, CXLIV. 130). "With eyes upraised, as one inspired" recalls

"And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes" (*Il Penseroso*, 39-40).

63. **runnels**, runlets, streamlets.

64. Observe the alliterations in this line—not merely of initial *g* and *m*, but of *l*.

69. **alter'd**, different.

71. Collins was doubtless thinking of Venus disguised as a huntress. Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 318, *Namque umeris de more habilem suspenderat arcum Venatrix*, "She had slung the ready bow from her shoulders after the fashion of a huntress," and 336-7:

*Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno,*

"Tis the wont of Tyrian maidens to wear the quiver and tie the purple buskin high above the ankle."

72. **buskins**. See note on No. 8. 128, "buskin'd measures."

73. **that**, so that, as in the passage quoted on I. 94.

74. **Fauns** were Italian country divinities, attendants of the God Faunus, "imagined as merry, capricious beings, and in particular as mischievous goblins who caused nightmares" (Seyffert). As Faunus was identified by the Romans with the Greek Pan, his attendants were identified with the Greek *Satyrs*. *Dryads* (Gk. *δρύς*, an oak) were forest-nymphs.

75. **oak-crowned Sisters**, "the virginal sisterhood, garlanded with forest leaves, that formed Diana's train" (Hales).

chaste-eyed Queen, Diana, the Greek Artemis. Cp. Ben Jonson's *Hymn to Diana* (*G.T.*, cii.), "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair."

80. **Joy's ecstatic trial**, the trial of what joy could accomplish under the influence of inspiration.

83. **viol**, a stringed instrument which went out of use in England in Charles II.'s time,—the parent of our modern instruments of the violin kind. It is often mentioned by Shakespeare, and by Milton in Sonnet xv.: "Me softer airs befit, and softer strings Of lute or viol still more apt for mournful things." "The viol is the typical representative of a very large, varied and widely distributed class of instruments of which in modern music the violin is the chief member. The viol was made in several sizes. The smallest (*treble* or *descant* viol) passed over later into the modern violin; the next larger (*tenor*) into the *viola da braccio* and *viola d'amore* and the modern *viola* (tenor or alto violin); the next (*bass*) into the *viola da gamba* and the modern *violoncello*; and the largest (*double-bass*) into the *violone* and the modern *double-bass viol*" (*Century Dictionary*).

awakening, rousing the listeners and impelling them to dance.

86. **Tempe**, a vale in Thessaly, celebrated in ancient poetry. Cp. Virgil, *Georgic* II. 469; Keats in *G.T.*, cccxxviii. 7.

90. **fantastic**, 'unrestrained,' 'full of fancy'—not 'grotesque' or 'capricious' as the modern use of the word implies. Cp. Milton in *L'Allegro* (*G.T.*, cxliv. 34), "Come, and trip it, as you go, On the light fantastic toe."

91. **zone**, girdle. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, I. xxx. 5, *Fervidus tecum puer et solutis Gratiae zonis*.

Collins "makes Mirth feminine. Cp. Spenser's Phaedria, *Faerie Queene*, II. vi. Horace's corresponding deity is *Jocus* (*Odes*, I. ii. 34)" (Hales).

92. **frolic**. See note on No. 26. 31.

94. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, v. 285-7.

"Like Maia's son he stood,
And shook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance filled
The circuit wide."

dewy, as shedding fragrance. So Milton speaks of the "dewy-feathered sleep" (*G.T.*, cxlv. 146).

101. **mimic**, imitative. Art, according to Aristotle in the *Poetics*, originates in the love of imitation which is natural to man.

104. "Devote often occurs in a participial sense, being in fact but an Englished form of the Latin participle *devotus*. At a later time the word was used as a *verb*, and then there was formed a fresh participle in the common English way, viz. *devoted*. So with *nominate*, *situate*, *derogate*, etc." (Hales).

106. warm, passionate. Cp. No. 2. 3.

energetic, full of energy, powerful to act.

108. sister, Clio, the Muse of History.

110. reed, the shepherd's pipe. Cp. Virgil's use of *arundo*, *Eclogue*, vi. 8; *calamus agrestis*, *Eclogue*, i. 10.

111. rage, inspiration. Cp. No. 36. 51, "Chill penury repress'd their noble rage."

112. "Handel's *Messiah*, which came out in 1741, was not received at first with any great favour. He died in 1759" (Hales).

113-4. The organ, the great combination of all musical instruments, called by Marvell 'the organ's city.' For an interesting note on the history of the organ, and the tradition that it was invented by Cecilia, see Prof. Hales, *Longer English Poems*, introductory note to Dryden's *Song for St. Cecilia's Day*.

116. Collins' love of Hellenism, shown also in No. 2, was beyond the reach of most of his contemporaries, but it was shared by Gray (No. 26. 66-76).

28. *He sang of God, the mighty source*

"FROM that wild rhapsody of mingled grandeur, tenderness, and obscurity, that 'medley between inspiration and possession' which poor Smart is believed to have written whilst in confinement for madness" (F. T. P.).

CHRISTOPHER SMART (1722-1770) was born at Shipbourne in Kent, educated at Durham School and at Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and afterwards lived in London. He composed Latin verses, epigrams, epistles, and ballads, and translated Horace into English prose and verse. His one inspired poem is the *Song to David*, written in a lucid interval during his confinement in a madhouse, "when he was denied the use of pen, ink, and paper, and was obliged to indent his lines with the end of a key upon the wainscot." This magnificent production, printed separately in 1763, was excluded from the posthumous edition of Smart's poems; and when the editor of *Select British Poets*, 1813, wished to include it he could not find a copy. It was republished by the Rev. R. Harvey in 1819. Forty-six stanzas of it will be found in T. H. Ward's *English Poets*, Vol. III., preceded by this high, yet perfectly just, eulogium:

"It is only in our own day that attention has been recalled to the single poem by which he deserves to be not only remembered, but remembered as a poet who for one short moment reached a height to which the prosaic muse of his epoch was wholly unaccustomed. There is nothing like the *Song to David* in the eighteenth century; there is nothing out of which it might seem to have been developed. It is true that with great appearance of symmetry it is ill-arranged and out of proportion; its hundred stanzas weary the reader with their repetitions and with their epithets piled up on a too obvious system. But in spite of this touch of pedantry, it is the work of a poet; of a man so possessed with the beauty and fervour of the Psalms and with the high romance of the psalmist's life, that in the days of his madness the character of David has become 'a fixed idea' with him, to be embodied in words and dressed in the magic robe of verse when the dark hour has gone by. There are few episodes in our literary history more interesting than this of the wretched book-seller's hack, with his mind thrown off its balance by drink and poverty, rising at the instant of its deepest distress to a pitch of poetic performance unimagined by himself at all other times, unimagined by all but one or two of his contemporaries, and so little appreciated by the public that when an edition of his writings was called for it was sent into the world with his masterpiece omitted."

It would be interesting to know whether Browning had read this poem when he wrote his *Saul*: compare especially stanza xvii. in Browning's lyric.

10-12. Smart probably had in mind some of the great passages in *Job*. Cp. *Job*, xv. 8, "Hast thou heard the secret of God? and dost thou restrain wisdom to thyself?"; xxviii. 20-28, "Whence then cometh wisdom? . . . Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air . . . God understandeth the way thereof, and he knoweth the place thereof. . . ." The 'multitudinous abyss' may have been suggested by the description in *Job*, xxviii. 1-12.

29. *I have no name*

A most musical little poem, though probably written with no regard to metrical rules. The two verses, however, exactly correspond, if we count accents and not syllables. (See note on metre of No. 23.)

A critic of some distinction, and an admirer of much of Blake's work, has expressed surprise at Mr. F. T. Palgrave's selection of Nos. 29 and 30. He objects that they only contain what any parent would or might say. But to express the universal or common emotion perfectly is one of the great functions of poetry. Any parent may have these feelings; only a very

exceptional parent could express them in a form so melodious and beautiful that our sympathies are quickened, instead of being dulled, by the recital of familiar thoughts.

30. *Sleep, sleep, beauty bright*

16. **dreadful light**, "of life and experience" (F. T. P.). Compare the familiar ending of Gray's *Eton Ode* (No. 48), and the words in which Ajax in Sophocles' tragedy of that name, l. 553, congratulates his infant son on his blissful ignorance of the calamities that have overtaken his father: *ἐν τῷ φρονεῖν γὰρ μηδὲν ἥδιοςτος βίος*, translated by Jebb, "In the slumber of the feelings is life sweetest."

In the sudden transition of thought in the last stanza this lyric reveals an affinity to another form of composition, the epigram: it is the special characteristic of the epigram that it surprises the reader by an unexpected turn of thought at the end.

31. *Lo! Where the rosy-bosom'd Hours*

THIS ode, the earliest of Gray's original poems, has a very pathetic history. Gray's transcript of it in his commonplace books has the note, "At Stoke, the beginning of June 1742, sent to Favonius, not knowing he was then dead." 'Favonius' (the western wind) was Gray's affectionate name for his friend West. The poem was inspired by some verses on 'May' that West had written and sent to Gray in the month of that name. Gray's letter to West enclosing the ode was returned to him unopened: West had died on June 1st.

Metre.—The same ten-line stanza is used by Gray in his *Eton Ode* (No. 48).

1. **rosy-bosom'd Hours**. The expression is taken from Milton's *Comus*, l. 98:

"Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund Spring:
The Graces and the *rosy-bosom'd Hours*
Thither all their bounties bring."

To Milton the epithet was probably suggested by Homer's epithet for Dawn, *ροδοδάκτυλος*, 'rosy-fingered'; or he may have come across the actual word *ροδόκοπος*, 'rosy-bosom'd,' which occurs, as Mr. Tovey points out, in a Greek lyric fragment.

It is natural to compare Gray's own epithet, 'rosy-crowned,' in a similar context (No. 26. 28), but that must mean 'crowned with roses'—this 'with rosy bosoms,' rather than 'with bosoms full of roses.'

Hours, Gk. *Ὠραι*, Lat. *Horæ*, goddesses of the seasons. They are often mentioned as in attendance upon Venus.

2. **Venus** is specially associated with Spring and the new birth of Nature, as in Lucretius' famous invocation—*tibi suavis daedala tellus Summittit flores*, etc.—at the beginning of the *De Rerum Natura*.

4. **purple year**, bright season. For this use of 'year,' cp. No. 1. 17, 'the sullen year.' *Purpureus* in the Latin poets often means 'bright': it is an epithet of *lumen* (light) in Virgil, and of *olores* (swans) in Horace, and Columella has *purpureum ver* (bright Spring). Pope had used the phrase 'purple year' in his *Pastorals*, and Milton in *Lycidas* (*G. T.*, lxxxix. 141) had said, 'And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.'

5. **Attic warbler**, the nightingale. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Regained*, iv. 245 :

"See there the olive-grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the *Attic bird*
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long,"

and Pope, *Essay on Man*, III. 33 :

"Is it for thee the linnet *pours his throat*?"

Keats addresses the nightingale as "pouring forth thy soul abroad" (*G. T.*, ccxc. 57), and Shelley the skylark as a spirit "That from heaven or near it pourest thy full heart" (*G. T.*, cclxxxvii. 4). Both these expressions seem more natural than that which Gray took from Pope. 'Pours her throat' = 'pours song from her throat.' Gray, like Keats, Matthew Arnold, and other poets, follows the Greek legend in making the nightingale feminine, though the female bird is songless.

14. **O'er-canopies**. "A bank O'er-canopied with luscious woodbine, Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream* [II. i. 251]" (*G.*). Modern editions of Shakespeare give "a bank Quite over-canopied with"

18. **ardour**. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, III. iii. 2, *civium ardor*.

19-20. Originally these lines ran :

"How low, how indigent the proud,
How little are the great."

23. **peopled**, full of living things. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso* (*G. T.*, cxlv. 8), "the gay motes that *people* the sun-beams," and Pope, *Essay on Man*, I. 210, "From the green myriads in the *peopled* grass."

24. **glows**. Virgil's *fervet opus*, *Georgics*, IV. 169.

26. **the honied spring**, 'the flowers which the Spring fills with honey' (Bradshaw). Johnson's criticism of the phrase is well known: "There has of late arisen a practice of giving to adjectives, derived from substantives, the termination of participles, such as the *cultured* plain, the *daisied* bank; but I was sorry to

see, in the lines of a scholar like Gray, the *honeyed* Spring." *Honeyed* is, however, used both by Shakespeare and Milton—"To steal his sweet and *honeyed* sentences," *Henry V.* i. i. 50; "That on the green turf suck the *honeyed* showers," *Lycidas* (G. T., LXXXIX. 140); "the bee with *honeyed* thigh," *Il Penseroso* (G. T., CXLV. 143). Moreover, the practice of forming such adjectives, instead of having "of late arisen," is as old as the English language.

27. "*Nare per aestatem liquidam*, Virgil, *Georgics*, iv. 59" (G.).

Liquid noon, clear noon-tide air. Cp. No. 1. 16, "*liquid* light."

29. *trim*, dress: Shakespeare's use of the word. Cp. *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. iv. 23, "A thousand, sir, Early though't be, have on their riveted *trim*." Cp. also Gray in No. 8. 73.

30. "Sporting with quick glance Show to the sun their waved coats dropt with gold, Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vii. 406" (G.).

31-40. "While insects from the threshold preach, etc. Mr. Green, in *The Grotto*. Dodsley's *Miscellanies*, v. 161" (G.). "In a letter to Walpole of 1748, Gray says that the thought on which his *Ode on Spring* turns is 'manifestly stolen' from the *Grotto*; 'not,' he adds, 'that I knew it at the time, but having seen this many years before, to be sure it imprinted itself on my memory, and forgetting the author, I took it for my own'" (Tovey). Green's verses are given in Mr. Tovey's and Dr. Bradshaw's notes. Few poets have been so scrupulous as Gray in acknowledging obligations. He had certainly borrowed the idea of this stanza from Green, but the verbal parallelism is not close: Green's verses are pleasant but diffuse, and their memory would hardly have survived but for Gray's use of them.

42. *sportive kind*, the frolicsome race of insects. *Kind* used as in '*maskind*,' in Milton's 'the total *kind* of birds,' and Gray's '*demurest of the tabby kind*' (No. 5. 4).

44. *solitary*, because Gray was a bachelor.

47. *painted*, 'coloured,' used by Milton in this sense in imitation of *pictus* in the Latin poets.

32. *The poplars are fell'd; farewell to the shade*

COWPER wrote a version of this charming poem in Latin hexameters. The two last lines, which are the best, may be quoted:

Sit licet ipse brevis, volucrique simillimus umbræ,
Est homini brevior citiusque obitura voluptas.

Metre.—Anapaestic: the same as that used by Wordsworth in *The Rerrie of Poor Susan* (G. T., CCXCIX.). Observe the effect of the occasional substitution of an iambus for an anapaest in checking the rapidity of the metre. Tennyson is said to have observed of this poem: "People nowadays, I believe, hold this style and

metre light; I wish there were any who could put words together with such exquisite flow and evenness" (*Tennyson's Memoirs*, II. 501).

4. *Onse*, the river always associated with Cowper's memory. Two of the homes of his later life, at Huntingdon and at Olney, were near it. He describes the poplar field in a letter to Lady Heaketh, May 1, 1786: "There was some time since, in a neighbouring parish called Lavendon [near Olney], a field, one side of which formed a terrace, and the other was planted with poplars, at whose foot ran the Onse, that I used to account a little paradise. But the poplars have been felled, and the scene has suffered so much by the loss that though still in point of prospect beautiful, it has not charms sufficient to attract me now."

33. *Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie*

Few poems have done so much as this to quicken men's sympathies with the weaker and more helpless among created things.

4. *bickering*, hurrying. 'To bicker' originally meant 'to skirmish.' It is used in English poetry of glancing, darting light: e.g. *Paradise Lost*, VI. 766, "bickering flame," and Tennyson, *Geraint*, "turning round she saw Dust, and the point of lances bicker in it."

15. *dalmen ioker*. "From A.S. *æcer*, an ear of corn, and perhaps *dicment*, counted, from A.S. *dem-an*, to reckon; as *undecment*, what cannot be counted" (Jamieson).

thrave, formerly used in England as well as Scotland to denote two dozen. It occurs in Johnson's Dictionary. Apparently it was a special term for twenty-four sheaves of grain set up in a field, forming two 'shooks' of twelve sheaves each. Thence it was used for 'two dozen' generally, and then for an indefinite number.

17. *lave*, the English *leaver*, that which is *left*, the remainder.

20. *silly*, A.S. *æelig*, 'happy': cp. German *selig*. From 'happy' the word came to mean 'innocent'; then came the two senses of 'weak' and 'foolish.' For the meaning of 'weak'—the sense in this passage—cp. Spenser, "After long storms. . . . With which my *silly* bark was tossed sore."

29. *coulter*, "the sharp iron of the plough which cuts the earth, perpendicular to the share" (Johnson). Cp. I *Samuel*, xiii. 20, "But all the Israelites went down to the Philistines, to sharpen every man his share, and his *coulter*, and his ax and his mattock."

34. *But*, without. "A.S. *butan*, *buton*, are used precisely as

S. *but*, without. 'One of them shall not fall on the ground, *butan eowrun faeder*, without your father,' Matt. x. 29" (Jamieson).

44. Cp. with the thought of this stanza No. 1. 21-24, and see the note on that passage.

34. *Mine be a cot beside the hill*

A CHARMING English pastoral landscape. The love of Nature in the poem is that of the townsman, not too deeply felt, yet sincere. We may doubt whether the poet would really have liked to end his days in a cottage; but we know that he would have enjoyed it, as Horace enjoyed his Sabine farm, as a relief from the noise and excitement of the city.

2-4. The hum of bees and the sound of water are often associated in English poetry. Cp. the description of the house of Morpheus in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, i. i. 41: *Il Penseroso*, ll. 141-146 (*G.T.*, CXLV.); Wordsworth's sonnet, *To Sleep* (*G.T.*, CCCXIII.).

16. Cp. a line of Coleridge's incorporated by Wordsworth (with acknowledgment) in the *Excursion*—"And spires whose silent finger points to heaven." The spire of the village church, as a beautiful and most characteristic feature of English landscape, has received its due honour more often from painters than from poets. But to these lines we must add Collins' fine tribute in the next poem, l. 37.

35. *If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song*

THE glamour of romance, absent from English poetry since Milton, returns to it again in this exquisite poem. The movement that we associate with the names of Coleridge, Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, and Shelley was in some ways anticipated by Collins. This explains why his contemporaries failed to appreciate his genius. From Johnson his poetry can only "sometimes extort praise when it gives little pleasure" (*Lives of the Poets*). Wordsworth (*Remembrance of Collins*) and Scott (*Bridal of Triermain*, Introduction) felt towards him differently. But whilst in the true and tender sympathy with Nature, and in the love of mystery, whether it is the mystery of ghostly twilight or of dim antiquity, we see an anticipation of the early nineteenth century, we recognise in Collins the child of his own century as well. The personification of evening is after the eighteenth century type. Mr. Bronson, Collins' American editor, has well said that "the person and the phenomena are never completely fused, as might have happened had Collins been wholly absorbed in picturing the scenes of the real world at

evening time. Keats, in his *Ode to Autumn* [*G. T.*, CCCIII.], was thus absorbed in catching up into words the subtle spirit of the "season of mists and mellow fruitfulness," and he has identified Autumn the person with autumn the season. Autumn in his poem is no sturdy matron with sickle and sheaf. She is the haunting spirit of the 'granary floor,' the 'half-reaped furrow,' and the oozing cider-press. She has no fixed body, but many flitting incarnations, in which 'whosoever seeks abroad' may catch glimpses of her very essence. In the *Ode to Evening* there is no such inner unity. Throughout the ode, *Evening* and *evening* are distinct, and Collins' attention is divided between the two." Again, there is no detailed observation of Nature such as we get in nineteenth-century poets: Collins does not set himself to describe "with his eye on the object"; he is only engaged in pensively dreaming. Finally, eighteenth-century abstractions and eighteenth-century didacticism have complete possession of the last stanza.

The comparison of this ode to a fine steel-engraving may help some readers to an appreciation of its beauty. Colour is absent—or only present in the 'brown' hamlets—but neither is it desired; its place is taken by gradations of light and shade given by lines at once firm and soft.

Metre.—One of the few entirely successful unrhymed lyrics in the English language. Mr. Bronson's masterly analysis of the causes for its metrical success is as follows:

"The fundamental cause is the high poetic quality of the thought and feeling, which does not so much divert attention from the mere rhythm and sound as reduce the demands upon them, just as in the contrary case, in poems where the mind and eye are not gratified, the ear is the more importunate. This may be tested in the last stanza, whose comparative poverty in metrical effect is due chiefly to poverty of thought.

"Again, blank verse is peculiarly adapted to this poem, for the reason that the absence of rhyme-emphasis at the ends of the lines favours the fusing of line into line, an effect which subtly harmonises with the attempt to describe the dissolving appearances of twilight. This effect is most definite in stanza 10, but it is present throughout the poem as a part of the atmosphere. The shortening of the last two lines in each stanza, by producing a 'dying fall,' contributes to a somewhat similar effect, as do also the occasional run-on lines and the several instances where stanza melts into stanza with only a comma between. As Hazlitt has said, 'The sounds steal slowly over the ear, like the gradual coming on of evening itself.'

"Aside from imitative effects, the ode is richer than at first appears in elements of melody, rhythm, and stanzaic structure, which go some way toward satisfying the sense for form without

the aid of rhyme. . . . The most liquid of English sounds, *l*, occurs 79 times in the 52 lines; in stanza 8 there is an average of nearly three *l*'s to the line, and an average of two *l*'s to the line in stanzas 5 and 12. Great variety in the placing of caesuras combines with the run-on lines and run-on stanzas to produce unusual fluidity of motion. Certain elements of stanza-structure appear in many places, and help to preserve the poem from the formlessness which is the great danger in unrhymed measures. The shortening of the lines in the second half of each stanza is a constant and powerful factor in producing a sense of stanza-form. The recurrence of 'now' in stanzas 2, 3, and 4, 'when' and 'then' in stanzas 6 and 8, and the rather rhetorical use of 'while' and 'so long' in stanzas 11, 12, and 13, although they are logical and not metrical in their primary effect, yet indirectly reinforce the metrical structure. Alliteration does still more in strengthening rhythmic and stanzaic effects. Through several stanzas runs a sustained alliteration; and although some of these alliterative effects are individually slight, the resulting total is considerable. Stanza 1 is thus threaded into a certain unity by *s*; stanza 2 by *w* and *b*; stanza 3 by *w*, *b*, and *s*; stanza 10 by *d*."

1. **oaten stop.** Cp. Milton, *Lycidas* (*G. T.*, LXXXIX. 33), "oaten flute."

oaten is from the Latin *avena*, which, first meaning 'oats,' was used in poetry for a shepherd's pipe.

2. The reading in the text is that of the first edition. Collins altered the line to "May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear." Mr. Swinburne calls this "exquisite recast of the originally exquisite second line" a notable instance of Collins' "refined excess in conscience." Collins doubtless changed 'pen-sive' because he had used it in l. 27.

3. **solemn**, a great improvement on 'brawling,' the epithet in the original version. For the soothing sound of water at evening, cp. No. 55. 19-20, "And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly By the sound of a murmuring rill." The editor may be forgiven for adding that one of the deepest charms of the Alps, to some who love them, is to be found in the constant sound of running water—whether from runlet in the grass, of wayside fountain, or rushing torrent. The sound is seldom absent; but at night, when other sounds are hushed, its presence is more especially felt.

5. **bright-haired.** This epithet is applied by Milton to Vesta, *Il Penseroso* (*G. T.*, cxlv. 23).

7. **brede**, a variant of 'braid,' used archaically by modern poets. Cp. Keats (*G. T.*, cccxxviii. 41).

8. **wavy bed** i.e. bed in ocean.

10. **leathern wing**. Cp. Spenser, *Farrie Queene*, II. xii. 36, "The leather-winged bat, day's enemy."

11-12. Cp. Milton, *Lycidas* (*G.T.*, LXXXIX. 28), "What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn." Also cp. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, III. ii. 40-43 :

"Ere the *bat* hath flown
His cloister'd flight, ere to black Hecate's summons
The shard-borne *beetle* with his drowsy *hums*
Hath sung night's yawning peal."

20. **genial loved**. The double epithet is used with great effect in this ode. Observe that the two adjectives are never synonyms : each has a distinct and emphatic force.

21. **folding-star**. Cp. Campbell (*G.T.*, CCCX.), "Star that bringest home the bee," and a famous fragment of Sappho, "Evening, thou that bringest all that bright morning scattered ; thou bringest the sheep, the goat, the child back to her mother."

23. **Hours**. See note on No. 31. 1.

26. Cp. No. 27. 94, "Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings."

32. Cp. *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.* CXLV. 160), "Casting a dim religious light."

37. **spires**. See note on No. 34. 16.

41. **wont**. The verb *to won* (A.S. *wunian*) is now used only in the past participle *wonted* or *wont*. The use in Collins is an archaism, imitated from Milton. Cp. *Nativity Ode* (*G.T.*, LXXXV. 10), "Wherewith he *wont* at Heaven's high council-table To sit."

49-52. Altered but not improved in the later version :

"So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipp'd Health,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name."

50. **Fancy**, Imagination. Cp. No. 2. 5, and Keats, *The Realm of Fancy* (*G.T.*, CCCXVIII.). **Science**, Knowledge. Cp. No. 48. 3.

36. *The curfew tolls the knell of parting day*

The Elegy written in a Country Churchyard was first published in 1751, in pamphlet form and anonymously. It has generally been supposed, on Mason's authority, to have been begun as early as 1742, the year in which Gray lost his great friend, Richard West (see note to No. 31); but Mr. Tovey gives reasons for

believing it to have been written mainly between 1746 and 1750. The poem was from the first received with enthusiasm; and even Dr. Johnson for once refrains from qualifying his praise of Gray:

"In the character of his *Elegy* I rejoice to concur with the common reader; for by the common sense of readers, uncorrupted with literary prejudices, after all the refinements of subtilty and the dogmatism of learning, must be finally decided all claim to poetical honours. The 'Churchyard' abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. The four stanzas, beginning 'Yet even these bones' are to me original: I have never seen the notion in any other place; yet he that reads them here persuades himself that he has always felt them. Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame, and useless to praise him."

It may well seem strange that a student and recluse, who elaborated his verses more slowly and carefully than any other English poet has ever done, and who deliberately wove into his work threads from his reading, should have written a poem which has "come home to men's business and bosoms" more effectually than any other in the language; but so it is. Intellectual "grandeur" will sometimes hear the poem "with a disdainful smile," and we may freely admit that its popularity implies certain limitations; the thought is not too subtle or profound, nor the imagination too lofty. We must not look here for the wonderful imagery, the bold flights of speculation, or the rich variety of melody to be found, for example, in poems of Shelley that deal with the problems of life and death. In the *Elegy* are only such thoughts as come within the reach of all. But the theme is the most solemn of all human experiences, which, common, nay, universal as it is, has a supreme individual importance for each. And the thoughts that force themselves upon us as we turn to contemplate the theme—thoughts of the greatness and littleness of human life, the greatness of the peasant because he is man, the littleness of the monarch because he is no more than man, the sweetness of human ties, the pathos of mortality—such thoughts as these, instead of being weakened for us as by the handling of an inferior writer, are deepened and exalted by finding once for all their perfect rhythmic expression: they "seem to come to us"—to apply some words used by F. W. Myers of Virgil—"on the wings of melodies prepared for them from the foundation of the world."

The similarity of atmospheric tone to that of the preceding *Ode* by Collins, published in 1746, is very remarkable; and not less striking is the likeness of both poems to Joseph Warton's *Evening* (1746) and to some lines by Thomas Warton (1747). "The spirit of gentle melancholy," as Mr. Tovey says, "was in the air."

Stoke Pogis, near Slough, has often been called the churchyard of the *Elegy*. Gray's mother and aunt had lived here after his father's death, and the place was often in his thoughts. But to expect a photographic reproduction of the details of a particular churchyard is to misunderstand the workings of a poet's mind. The business of poetry is, in philosophical language, with the 'universal,' not with the 'particular,' and if one churchyard more than another is in the poet's memory it is but taken as a type.

Metre.—No more impressive metre could have been chosen than this simple but stately iambic quatrain. The most famous poem in which it had been used before Gray was Dryden's *Annus Mirabilis*.

1. *curfew*, Fr. *couvre-feu*, from *couvrir*, to cover, and *feu*, fire. The ringing of a bell in the evening, as a signal that household fires must be covered or put out for the night, was a common practice in feudal times. The precaution was a most desirable one in the timber-built towns of the Middle Ages, though its introduction into England has often been represented as an instance of Norman oppression. The custom of ringing the curfew survived, after the prohibition of fires ceased to be enforced, and is indeed still continued in some English towns. For other mentions of the curfew in English poetry cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, cXLV. 74); Shakespeare, *Tempest*, v. i. 40; *King Lear*, III. iv. 120.

parting, departing, as in Milton, *Nativity Ode* (*G.T.*, LXXXV. 186), "The *parting* genius," and often in earlier poetry. Gray quotes in a foot-note to this line:

. . . squilla di lontano
Che paia'l giorno pianger, che si muore
Dante, *Purgatorio*, VIII.

["the vesper-bell from far that seems to mourn for the expiring day" (Cary)].

2. For this sign of evening cp. Milton, *Comus*, 291-2, "What time the labour'd ox In his loose traces from the furrow came"; Homer, *Odyssey*, IX. 58; Horace, *Odes*, III. vi. 42.

6. *stillness* is subject, *air* object to the verb. For the inversion cp. l. 35.

7. *beetle*. Cp. Collins in No. 35, 11-14, and note on that passage. *droning*, "dully humming, like a drone" (Hales).

11. *bower*. See note on No. 2. 37. "Gray no doubt used the word in its root-sense [a dwelling], but surely with some connotation of 'arbour'; which again is really 'harbour' and has nothing to do with *arbor*, tree, although the sense 'a bower made of branches of trees' points to that as the accepted

derivation of the word. Similarly the etymologist Junius thought 'bower' was so-called from being made of boughs; a fancy which has no doubt affected the sense of the word" (Tovey).

12. **reign**=realm, as in No. 26. 9, "Ceres' golden *reign*" and No. 48. 36, "The limits of their little *reign*."

16. **rude**, simple, unlettered. In Gray's time the rich were still buried inside the church, only the poor people in the church-yard.

17. **incense-breathing**. A reminiscence of Milton, *Paradise Lost*, ix. 192,

"Now whenas sacred light began to dawn
In Eden, on the humid flowers, that breathed
Their morning incense."

19. Cp. Milton, *L'Allegro* (*G.T.*, CXLIV. 49-54),

"While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin . . .
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn."

20. **lowly bed**. "This probably refers to the humble couch on which they have spent the night; but it is meant to suggest the grave as well" (Phelps).

21. Cp. Lucretius, III. 894-896,

*Iam iam non domus accipiet te laeta, neque uxor
Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati
Praeripere et tacita pectus dulcedine tangent.*

[“Now no more shall thy house admit thee with glad welcome, nor a most virtuous wife and sweet children run to be the first to snatch kisses and touch thy heart with a silent joy” (Munro)]. Cp. also Horace, *Epode* II. 39.

22. **ply**, practise diligently the work which is her care in the evening. Prof. Hales contrasts the directness and definiteness of Wordsworth's expression, “And she I cherished *turned her wheel* Beside an English fire” (*G.T.*, CCXXI. 11-12).

24. Cp. Virgil, *Georgic* II. 523, *Interea dulces pendent circum oscula nati*, “Meanwhile sweet children cling around his kisses.”

26. **glebe** in its primary sense, “the ground,” “the sod.” Cp. Virgil, *Georgic* I. 94, *Rastris glebas qui frangit inertes*, “Who breaks with the harrow the stubborn sods.”

27. **afield**, to the field. Cp. *Lycidas* (*G.T.*, LXXXIX. 27), “We drove *afield*.”

32. This line has given its title to a well-known book, *Annals of the Poor*, by the Rev. Legh Richmond, author of *The Dairyman's Daughter*. Similarly, from l. 73 has been taken the title

of a famous modern novel, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, by Thomas Hardy.

33. **heraldry**, with "the claims of long descent" that it implies.

35. **Awaits**. Often misprinted *await*: *hour* is the subject, not the object. Cp. Horace, *Odes*, I. xxviii. 15, *Omnes una manet nox*, "One night awaits us all." With the whole stanza cp. Cowley's lines, "*Beauty* and strength and wit and *wealth* and *power* Have their short flourishing hour," and West's *Monody on the death of Queen Caroline*, which was doubtless in Gray's mind.

"Ah me! what boots us all our boasted power,
Our golden treasure, and our purpled state?
They cannot ward th' inevitable hour
Nor stay the fearful violence of Fate."

36. The death of General Wolfe, killed in the hour of his victory at Quebec, 1759, will always be remembered in connection with this line. "He had had a presentiment of his fate. . . . It was perhaps this feeling that prompted him to murmur the lines of Gray's *Elegy* as the boats dropped down the St. Lawrence, and to say, 'I would rather be the author of that piece than take Quebec,'" (*Dictionary of National Biography*). Mr. E. E. Morris, in *Eng. Hist. Review*, xv. 125-129, gives reasons for supposing that the incident occurred on the day before the battle, not on the same day, as in the common account.

39. **aisle**. The epithet 'long-drawn' seems to show that Gray used 'aisle' not in its true architectural sense of 'wing' (Lat. *ala*), but for the long passage down the sides or centre of the church—a sense in which the word is still sometimes used in country churches.

fretted. Cp. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 313, "this majestical roof fretted with golden fire." Architecturally, 'fretted' means 'ornamented with frets—narrow bands intersecting each other at right angles.' "It is Gothic architecture that Gray has in his mind's eye; the lines that go to make the fan-shaped roof of King's College Chapel or of St. George's, Windsor, for example" (Tovey).

There are more reminiscences of *Il Penseroso* (G.T., CXLV.) here—"the high embossed roof And storied windows richly dight," "the pealing organ" and "anthem clear."

41. **storied urn**, monument with the 'story' of the departed inscribed upon it. *Urn*, properly a receptacle for the ashes of the dead, but used by Shakespeare and Milton in the sense of 'grave': "Or lay these bones in an unworthy *urn*, Tombless, with no remembrance over them," *Henry*, v. i. 2, 228; "So may some gentle Muse With lucky words favour my destined *urn*,"

Lycidas (*G. T.*, LXXXIX. 20). Gray, however, probably did not mean the actual tomb, but a monumental tablet in the shape of an urn or with a representation of an urn engraved upon it.

animated bust, life-like statue. Cp. Virgil's expression for statuary, *Aeneid*, vi. 847, *spirantia aera*, 'breathing bronze.'

42. mansion, home, abiding-place, as in St. John, xiv. 2, "In my Father's house are many mansions."

43. honour, renown won by martial deeds. Cp. Collins in No. 9. 9. **provoke**, in its etymological sense, 'call forth'; Lat. *pro-voco*.

44. dull cold. The two epithets are associated in Shakespeare:

"And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in *dull cold* marble."

Henry VIII. III. ii. 433.

46. fire, inspiration: cp. l. 72, "the Muse's flame." Cowper borrowed this line for his *Boadicea*:

"Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre."

47. Cp. Ovid, *Heroides*, v. 86 (Enone Paridi) *Sunt mihi quas possint sceptrā decere manus*, "I have hands that a sceptre might become."

48. extasy. Cp. No. 26, lines 2 and 96.

49-64. Mr. Tovey finds the germ of Gray's thought in Waller:

"Great Julius on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led.
He that the world subdued had been
But the best wrestler on the green.
'Tis art and knowledge which draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth;
They blow those sparks and make them rise
Into such flames as touch the skies."

He adds that Gray possessed and studied Waller, and reminds us that Gray's Cromwell was originally Caesar, Waller's 'great Julius.'

50. unroll. The Lat. *volumen*, from which 'volume' comes, is derived from *volvere*, 'to roll,' and properly means a scroll that was unrolled in order to be read.

51. rage. See note on No. 27, 111, "diviner rage." But Mr. Tovey may be right in saying that Gray uses it here for the ambition of warriors and statesmen as well as for poetic inspiration.

52. **genial.** See note on No. 21. 7, "genial years."

53. Cp. Bishop Hall's *Contemplations*, vi. 872, "There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowels of the earth, many a fair pearl in the bosom of the sea, that never was seen nor never shall be."

55. Of the many parallels that have been quoted for the thought in this line, the two most interesting are :

"Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
That, hadst thou sprung
In deserts where no men abide
Thou must have uncommended died."
(Waller's *Go, lovely Rose*, *G. T.*, cxxv.)

"There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die."
(Pope, *Rape of the Lock*, iv. 157-8.)

56. **desert air.** Cp. *Macbeth*, iv. 3, 194, "I have words That would be howl'd out into the *desert air*." Gray's line soon became proverbial : it is quoted in a poem by Churchill, 1764.

57. For Hampden, Milton and Cromwell, Gray had at first written Cato, Tully [*i.e.* Cicero] and Caesar. The change to well-known characters of our own country has, as Dr. Bradshaw says, "added to the vividness as well as fixed the nationality of a poem that has been translated into so many languages."

"By a happy coincidence the English examples which Gray substituted for the Roman had all some connection with the neighbourhood of Gray's churchyard. It was at Horton, which is at no great distance from Stoke Pogis, that Milton in his younger days composed *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*; it was to Chalfont, St. Giles, within a few miles of the churchyard, that in his old age he retired from the Great Plague of London with the finished MS. of *Paradise Lost*. Hampden was a Buckinghamshire squire, his family seat was Great Hampden, in the hundred of Aylesbury, he represented first Wendover, and then the county in Parliament. Cromwell was his cousin, and often visited both Hampden and his sister, Mrs. Waller (the mother of the poet), who lived at Beaconsfield" (Tovey).

Mitford records a pencilled line of Gray's—"The rude Columbus of an infant world"—apparently intended for a following stanza which was never written.

60. **Cromwell** was almost universally condemned by eighteenth century opinion : cp. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 284, "See Cromwell damned to everlasting fame." It is mainly due to Carlyle that the popular verdict has since been reversed.

64. "To see in the contented looks of a whole nation the record of their acts" (Bradshaw).

65. **circumscribed, confined, forbad**, finite verbs: **their lot** is the subject.

68. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* III. iii. 10, "The gates of mercy shall be all shut up."

69-72. "Their lot forbade them to be eminent persecutors (l. 69), unscrupulous place-hunters, or ministers to vice in high places (l. 70), or courtly and venal poets (ll. 71, 72)" (Tovey). But does not l. 69 mean rather, To disguise the pangs of truth of which they are conscious and which is trying to assert itself in their own minds? **ingenuous shame**, Horace's *ingenui pudoris*, natural modesty—their own.

72. **Muse's flame**, poetic inspiration. Cp. the references to the degradation of Roman poetry in Collins' *Ode to Simplicity*, No. 2, 31-42, and Gray's *Progress of Poesy*, No. 26. 77-82 Here, in Gray's first MS., followed these stanzas:

"The thoughtless world to majesty may bow,
Exalt the brave and idolize success,
But more to innocence their safety owe
Than power and genius e'er conspired to bless.
And thou, who, mindful of the unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these notes the artless tale relate,
By night and lonely contemplation led
To linger in the gloomy walks of fate,
Hark how the sacred calm that broods around
Bids ev'ry fierce tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.
No more with reason and thyself at strife
Give anxious cares and endless wishes room,
But thro' the cool sequester'd vale of life
Pursue the silent tenour of thy doom."

According to Mason, the *Elegy* was originally intended to end with these stanzas, but his statement lacks proof.

73. **madding**, neuter participle from 'to mad' = 'to be mad,' 'to rage.' Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, vi. 210, "the madding wheels Of brazen chariots raged"; and Drummond (*Poems*, ed. 1856, p. 38), "Far from the madding worldlings' hoarse discords."

73-4. The construction is ambiguous: Gray means, "Since they were far . . . their wishes never learnt to stray."

75. **sequester'd**, secluded: from late Lat. *sequestro*, 'to separate.'

76. **tenour**, continuous course: Lat. *tenor*, from *tenere*, to hold,

81. "Gray had probably in mind that under the yew-tree [in Stoke churchyard] there is a tombstone with several words wrongly spelt and some letters ill-formed, and that even in the inscription which he composed for his aunt's tomb the word 'resurrection' is spelt incorrectly by the unlettered stone-cutter" (Bradshaw).

84. *that teach*, 'many a holy text' being treated, somewhat loosely, as a plural. *the rustic moralist*, the countryman who draws a moral from the tombstones. *to die*, how to die. Gray probably had in mind Bishop Ken's lines:

"Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day."

85-86. "Who ever resigned this pleasing anxious being *so as to become* a prey to dumb forgetfulness . . . ?" *Prey* may be in apposition with *who* or with *being*. The proleptic use is somewhat obscure in English. Gray was probably influenced by his classical reading, and Mr. Tovey reminds us that Horace uses *victima nil miserantis Orci*, "the victim of pitiless Orcus," in precisely the same anticipatory sense in *Odes*, II. iii.

Cp. with this stanza Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 146:

"For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night,
Devoid of sense and motion?"

But it is not likely that Gray was thinking of annihilation: by the phrase 'dumb forgetfulness' he only meant that the dead cannot speak to the living and are in danger of being forgotten by them.

86. *pleasing anxious*. Cp. No. 56. 5-6, "Life! we've been long together, Through pleasant and through cloudy weather."

87. *precincts*, boundaries. Cp. "Not far off Heaven in the precincts of light," *Paradise Lost*, III. 88.

cheerful day. Cp. Virgil's wonderful picture of the dying Dido, *Aeneid*, IV. 691, *oculisque errantibus alto Quaesivit caelo lucem ingemuitque reperta*, "and with wandering gaze she sought the light in high heaven, and groaned as she found it."

89-92. "It has been suggested that the first line of Gray's stanza seems to regard the near approach of death; the second its actual advent; the third, the time immediately succeeding its advent; the fourth, a time still later" (Hales).

89. *fond*, affectionate. Contrast the use in No. 26. 46, "The fond complaint."

90 *pious drops*, tears of dutiful affection. *Pious* is here used in the sense of the Lat. *pius*.

92. "Ch'i veggio nel pensier, dolce mio fuoco,
Fredda una lingua, e due begli occhi chiusi
Rimaner dopo noi pien di faville.—Petrarch, Sonnet
169" (G.).

"For in my thought I see—sweet fire of mine!—
A tongue, though chilled, and two fair eyes, though
sealed,
Fraught with immortal sparks, survive us still."

93. *th' unhonour'd dead*. Cp. a very beautiful modern poem, "To the Forgotten Dead," in *Lyrics and Ballads*, by Margaret L. Woods.

95. *chance*. See note on No. 15. 15.

97-100. This stanza contains several reminiscences of Milton :

- (1) "Ere the blabbing Eastern scout,
The nice Morn, on the Indian steep
From her cabined loophole peep."—*Comus*, 138-140.
- (2) "... though from off the boughs each morn
We brush mellifluous dews."—*Par. Lost*, v. 428-9.
- (3) "Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield."—*Lycidas*, 25-27.

100. Here followed in the first draft of the poem :

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labours done,
Oft as the woodlark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

"I rather wonder that he rejected this stanza, as it not only has the same sort of Doric delicacy, which charms us peculiarly in this part of the poem, but also completes the account of his whole day : whereas, this Evening scene being omitted, we have only his Morning walk and his Noon-tide repose" (Mason). Other editors have remarked that the 'hill,' the 'heath,' and 'favourite tree' of ll. 109-110—as also the 'rill,' 'lawn,' and 'wood' of ll. 111-112—involve a reference to the *three* scenes which he had haunted in youth.

101. *beech*. Cp. Gray's description of Burnham Beeches in his letter to Walpole, Sept. 1737. It ends, "At the foot of one of these squats me I (il penseroso) and there grow to a trunk the whole morning." See also the *Ode on the Spring*, No. 31. 13-15, where again we have a picture of a beech beside a stream. Gray

probably had in mind, moreover, Shakespeare's description of the melancholy Jaques in *As You Like It*, II. i. 30-32,

"He lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeped out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood."

105. **Hard by yon wood.** The first draft gave 'With gestures quaint.' Gray probably made the alteration when he had decided to cut out the stanza given in the note on l. 100. *Hard by.* Cp. note on No. 14. 4, "Fast by."

107. **woeful-wan**, i.e. woeful and wan.

114. **church-way path.** The phrase occurs in Shakespeare, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. i. 389 :

"Now is the time of night
That, the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite
In the church-way paths to glide."

In Shakespeare, therefore, the paths are paths in the churchyard leading to the church ; but the 'church-way paths' of Stoke Pogis are paths leading from the high road to the churchyard (Bradshaw).

115. (**for thou canst read**) perhaps implies, as Prof. Hales says, that the 'hoary-headed swain' himself could not read, reading being a far from universal accomplishment in Gray's time.

lay, properly a 'song'—the German *lied* : here very loosely used for 'verses.'

116. **thorn**, hawthorn tree. The Pembroke MS. here contains this stanza, which was actually printed in the third edition of the *Elegy*, 1751, but omitted again in the 1753 edition :

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found ;
The red-breast loves to build, and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

Mason says it was omitted because Gray thought it too long a parenthesis in this place. Dr. Bradshaw adds that Gray may have rejected it as too fanciful, or because of its close resemblance to some lines in Collins' *Dirge in Cymbeline* :

"To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
And rife all the breathing spring . . .
The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid."

119. *science*, knowledge, as in No. 35. 50 and No. 48. 3, and in *1 Timothy*, vi. 20 (A.V.), "oppositions of science falsely so called."

frown'd not on, looked favourably upon. Cp. Horace, *Odes* iv. iii. *Quem tu Melpomene semel Nascentem placido lumine videris*, "Whom thou, Melpomene, hast once looked upon with kindly eye at his birth."

120. *melancholy*. Gray is undoubtedly thinking of himself in these lines. He often refers to his melancholy in his letters, and defines it in a letter to West, May 27, 1742: "Mine, you are to know, is a white Melancholy, or rather Leucocholy for the most part, which though it seldom laughs or dances, nor ever amounts to what one calls Joy or Pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of state." It is, in other words, the studious Melancholy of Milton's *Il Penseroso*.

123-4. The *tear* is the *bounty* of l. 121, and the *friend* the *recompense* of l. 122. In writing 'a friend' Gray is surely thinking of his dead friend West, though Dr. Bradshaw understands him to mean God Himself. The first interpretation is confirmed if we think with Mitford that the stanza was suggested by the noble lines in Cowley's poem on the death of Mr. William Hervey (*G.T.*, cxxxvii.):

"Large was his soul ; as large a soul as e'er
Submitted to inform a body here ;
High as the place 'twas shortly in heaven to have,
But low and humble as his grave ;
So high that all the virtues there did come
As to the chiefest seat
Conspicuous, and great ;
So low that for me too it made a room."

127. *trembling hope*. " . . . paventosa speme, Petrarch, Sonnet 114" (G.).

37. *O Mary at thy window be*

Nos. 37-40 form a group of love lyrics, charmingly simple and exquisitely musical, by ROBERT BURNS. *Mary Morison* was described by Burns as "one of my juvenile works"; but it bears no signs of immaturity.

Metre.—The arrangement of rhymes in each eight-line stanza is *a b, a b, b c, b c*. This 'octave on three rhymes' is shown in Henley and Henderson's note on *The Lament* (Burns, ed. 1901, i. 371) to have been a very favourite metre in Scotland. It had been used by Henryson (1430-1506?), who got it from Chaucer, by Gavin Douglas, Dunbar, and others; and Allan Ramsay had printed some twenty examples of it in his ballad book, *The Evergreen*, with which Burns was familiar.

2. **trysted**, 'appointed,' participial adj. formed from the substantive *tryst*, 'an appointment to meet.' The word *tryst* is a variant of *trust*.

5. **stoure**. The oldest meaning seems to be a storm of dust (Douglas' *Virgil*); then, metaphorically, trouble, vexation. Sometimes it is used in O. E. as well as Scottish, for a fight. It may be connected with the English *stir*.

9. **Yestreen**. See note on No. 13. 29.

13. **braw**, smart, The same word as the English and French *brave* and the German *brav*.

14. **toast**. The use of this word to signify a person whose health is drunk is said to be derived from the old custom of putting toasted bread in liquor: cp. Falstaff in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. v. 3, "Go fetch me a quart of sack; put a toast in't." See the story told in the *Tatler*, No. 24, June 4, 1709.

38. *O saw ye bonnie Lesley*

WRITTEN in 1792, in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie, of Mayfield, Ayrshire. "Mr. B., with his two daughters, accompanied with Mr. H. of G., passing through Dumfries a few days ago on their way to England, did me the honour of calling on me; on which I took my horse—though God knows I could ill spare the time—and accompanied them fourteen or fifteen miles, and dined and spent the day with them. 'Twas about nine I think that I left them, and riding home I composed the following ballad, of which you will probably think you have a dear bargain, as it will cost you another groat of postage. You must know that there is an old ballad beginning with:

My Bonnie Lizzie Baillie, I'll rowe thee in my plaidie.

So I parodied it as follows, which is literally the first copy 'unanointed, unannealed,' as Hamlet says" (Letter to Mrs. Dunlop, Aug. 22, 1792).

Metre.—Iambic, with three accents in each line, and an extra syllable, which gives a trochaic or 'feminine' ending. The third line in several stanzas is lengthened by another syllable, and becomes an iambic line of four feet.

2. **ye**. Another reading is *she*.

border. See note on No. 11. 17.

6. **but**, only.

8. Another reading is "And never made anither."

13. **scaith**. See note on No. 18. 23, "Nae maiden lays her *scaith* to me."

17. **tent**, protect. A Scottish variant of the English *tend*.

18. *steer*, meddle with. The same word as the English *stir*.
 22. *Caledonie*. Caledonia, the Latin name for Scotland.

39. *O my Luve's like a red, red rose*

THE research of commentators—notably of Messrs. Henley and Henderson (*Poetry of Burns*, 1901 edition, III. 402)—has shown that each stanza of this exquisite lyric is derived from an earlier original. The first stanza is traced back to a blackletter ballad, *The Wanton Wife of Castle Gate*:

“ Her cheeks are like the roses
 That blossom fresh in June.
 O, she's like a new-strung instrument
 That's newly put in tune.”

Another blackletter ballad, *The Unkind Parents, or the Languishing Lamentation of Two Loyal Lovers*, contains these verses:

“ Now fare thee well, my Dearest Dear,
 And fare thee well awhile;
 Altho' I go, I'll come again
 If I go ten thousand mile,
 Dear Love,
 If I go ten thousand mile . . .
 Mountains and rocks on wings shall fly,
 And roaring billows burn,
 Ere I will act disloyally:
 Then wait for my return.”

Other songs contain such stanzas as this:

“ The Day shall turn to Night, dear Love,
 And the Rocks melt with the Sun,
 Before that I prove false to thee,
 Before my Life be gone, dear Love,
 Before my Life be gone.”

Or this:

“ The seas they shall run dry,
 And rocks melt into sands;
 Then I'll love you still, my dear,
 When all those things are done.”

The superiority of Burns' poem to these rude originals is obvious. We may give to him the praise that was given to Virgil, who borrowed freely from the old Italian poets: “he has touched nothing that he has not adorned.” And if any reader finds in the fame of this lyric an injustice to Burns' nameless predecessors, he should reflect that the tiny seeds of poetry that lay hidden in their work would long ago have perished from memory if the touch of Burns' genius had not quickened them into lovely flowers.

40. *Ye banks and braes and streams around*

Highland Mary was Mary Campbell, in whose honour Burns also wrote the song, *My Highland Lassie*. It is worth remarking that there are no exact rhymes in this poem, their place being supplied, as so often in popular songs and ballads, by mere assonances.

2. Montgomery, in Ayrshire, on the river Faile.

41. *When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' hame*

"THERE can hardly exist a poem more truly tragic in the highest sense than this: nor, perhaps, Sappho excepted, has any Poetess equalled it" (F.T.P.). Sir Alfred Lyall (*Tennyson*, p. 118) remarks that its resemblance to a genuine ballad "comes from that absence of colouring adjectives (there is but one in all the eight stanzas) which is the note of all primitive and popular verse—a woodnote wild that is very seldom caught and domesticated by elaborate culture": he contrasts with its simplicity the picturesque detail of Tennyson's *May Queen*.

The story of a woman who allows herself to be persuaded into marriage in the long-continued absence of a lover or husband whom she believes to be dead is a favourite theme in literature. "It is the *Odyssey* of humble mariners, and many traces of it may be found in the folklore and in the superstitions of Asia as well as of Europe, where the forgotten husband is liable to be treated on his reappearance as a ghostly *revenant*, or even as a demon who has assumed a dead man's body in order to gain entrance into the house" (Sir A. Lyall's *Tennyson*, p. 115). It is the theme of old sea-ballads, both English and Breton; of Mrs. Gaskell's romance, *Sylvia's Lovers*; of Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, Crabbe's *Parting Hour*, and Adelaide Procter's *Homeward Bound*.

LADY ANNE LINDSAY (after her marriage, BARNARD) wrote this ballad, the only poem by which she is remembered, in her twenty-first year. She told the story of its composition long afterwards in a letter to Sir Walter Scott, July 8, 1823: "*Robin Gray*, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarres, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London. I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an English-Scotch melody of which I was passionately fond. Sophy Johnstone, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarres. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous

distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea, and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick, and given her auld Robin Gray for a lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one!' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside and amongst our neighbours *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret." Lady Lindsay was born in 1750 and died in 1825.

4. **gudeman**. 'Goodman' is common in older English in the sense of (1) master of the house, (2) husband. Cp. A.V. of *Matthew*, xxiv. 43, "If the *goodman* of the house had known in what watch the thief would come."

9. **na ... a week but only twa**, not more than two weeks. The idiom often occurs in the old ballads, as in *Sir Patrick Spens*:

"They hadna sail'd upon the sea
A day but barely three,
Till loud and boisterous grew the wind
And gurly grew the sea."

27. **wraith**. See note on No. 12. 23.

29. **greet**, 'weep,' now only used in Scottish and northern dialects, but often found in old English. It occurs in English literature as late as Spenser, *Shepherd's Calendar*, April, "Tell me, good Hobbinoll, what garres thee greet?" ("what makes thee weep?").

42. *Duncan Gray cam here to woo*

WRITTEN by Burns for a Scottish tune—"a lighthorse gallop of an air," as he called it, "that precludes sentiment." The refrain that forms lines 2, 4, 8 of the first stanza should be understood as repeated similarly with the following stanzas.

3. **Yule**, Christmas, Old English as well as Scottish. Skeat follows Fick in explaining the word to mean 'noise,' especially the loud sound of revelry and rejoicing. *Jolly* (Fr. *joli*) is a derivative of *Yule*.

fon, full (of food and drink), merry with drink.

6. *skelgh*, properly 'skittish,' used of a horse or other animal. Applied to women it seems to combine the notions of coyness and disdain. The word is akin to the German *scheuch*, *scheue*, shy, and the English *shy* and *skittish*.

9. *fleech'd*. Cp. No. 11. 11, "nae wooing, nae fleeching."

10. *Alisa Craig*, a rocky islet in the Firth of Clyde. It is 'deaf' because it is undisturbed by the screaming of the sea-fowl that frequent it.

12. *Grat*. See note on No. 41. 29.

14. *Time . . . tide*. Perhaps with an allusion to Shakespeare's "There is a tide in the affairs of men" (*Julius Caesar*, iv. iii. 218). 'Tide' properly means 'time' (which word is from the same root); the use of it for the flux and reflux of the sea is derived from this. Cp. "Alike to him was time or tide," in Scott, *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, i. xxi.

15. *sair to bide*, difficult to endure.

16. Cp. G. Wither's *Manly Heart* (G. T. cxxx1.):

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

18. *France*, substituted euphemistically for a less desirable locality.

43. *And are ye sure the news is true*

"BURNS justly named this 'one of the most beautiful songs in the Scots or any other language.' One stanza, interpolated by Beattie, is here omitted: it contains two good lines, but is out of harmony with the original poem" (F.T.P.).

The authorship of this poem is uncertain. Mr. F. T. Palgrave attributed it to W. J. Mickle (1735-1788), translator of Camoens into English verse, and author of the ballad *Cumnor Hall* which Scott quotes in the introduction to *Kenilworth*. But the only evidence is the fact that a copy was found among his papers in his own handwriting: he never included it among the poems published during his lifetime. The doubt cannot be set at rest. The song has often been ascribed to Jean Adam, or Jane Adams (1710-1765). The claim is rejected by the *Dictionary of National Biography* on the double ground that "it is unlikely that such a strain of home and married love could have been written by this wayward and unwedded woman," and that "her verses, although correct in phrase and sentiment, are inflated and childish." But Nos. 11 and 41 in this book are instances of poetic heights attained once in a lifetime by women-writers.

13. *bigonets*, little cap, diminutive of *biggin*, O.F. *béguin*, child's cap; or it may have come straight from the O.F. diminutive, *béguinet*.

15. *ballie*. Another form of the word *bailiff* with which it was formerly interchangeable; now obsolete in England, but retained in Scotland to signify a municipal magistrate corresponding to the English alderman (N.E.D.).

20. *leal*, the same word as *loyal*. *Leal* is used in Norman French, and *lel* in Middle English.

34. *Gar*, make. Cp. No. 42. 7, "*Gart* poor Duncan stand abeigh." The word occurs in Spenser: see the quotation given in note to No. 41. 29.

38. *caller*, fresh. It is an epithet of 'air' in Douglas' translation of the *Aeneid*, 1513, and the North-country fishwives still make use of the cry, "Caller Herrin'!"

41. *will*, Scottish for *shall*.

43. *downright*, quite, thoroughly. Cp. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. i. 389, "They'll mock us now *downright*."

45. *gin*, S. for 'if,' is said to be for 'given,' as 'gif'—another Scottish form of 'if'—is said to be for the imperative 'give.'

48. *the lave*, the rest. Cp. No. 33. 17, "I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave."

44. *When I think on the happy days*

"BURNS himself, despite two attempts, failed to improve this little absolute masterpiece of music, tenderness and simplicity: this 'Romance of a life' in eight lines" (F.T.P.). The "two attempts" to which Mr. Palgrave here refers are doubtless the two songs, *How long and dreary is the night*, and *Simmer's a pleasant time*. In sending the first of these to Thomson, Burns wrote: "I met with some such words in a collection of songs somewhere, which I altered and enlarged." Messrs. Henley and Henderson have, however, shown that Burns' memory was at fault when he used the word 'enlarged.' The original of one song is a poem of nine stanzas found in the Herd MS. (the first four are given by Henley and Henderson, III. 325), and the original of the other is probably a fragment of eight lines in the Herd MS. (Henley and Henderson, III. 338). In other words, the two stanzas in the *Golden Treasury* are the two best stanzas of *How long and dreary is the night*, and they owe their precise form to Burns himself, though they are—especially in their rhymes—an echo of older songs.

3. Another version, "And now what seas between us roar."

4. *eerie*, full of fear, apprehensive. So De Quincey speaks of "feeling the sensation of eeriness as twilight comes on." Sometimes the word means 'inspiring fear'; cp. "the eerie side of an auld thorn," Burns.

6. Another version, "The joyless day how dreary!"

7. *glinted*, moved quickly. "Rare in the 15th century, subsequently first in Scottish writers of the 18th century; it has been adopted into English literary use in the 19th. Probably an altered form of the earlier *glent*, which the rime shows to have been the original reading in two of the 15th century passages" (N.E.D.). Connected with *glance* and the Germ. *glänzen*, to shine.

45. *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw*

"THE last two stanzas are not by Burns" (F.T.P.). The two first were composed by Burns in his wife's honour, during their honeymoon. The two last, the work of John Hamilton, an Edinburgh music-seller, are spoken of contemptuously by Messrs. Henley and Henderson; but ll. 17-20 are surely equal to any others in the poem, nor need we admit that l. 22, though homely, is 'bathetic.'

1. *airts*, quarters, points of the compass. "Found only in Scottish writers from 15th to 18th centuries, but also used in some north of England dialects, and recently by some English writers" (N.E.D.).

14. *shaw*, a small wood in a hollow. Properly a *shady* place. Used by Chaucer—"Whider ridest thou under this grene *shaw*?"

17. *westlin*, a corruption of 'westland,' western.

22. Cp. in Burns' boyish verses, *Handsome Nell*:

"She dresses ay sae *clean and neat*,
Both decent and genteel;
And then there's something in her gait
Gars ony dress look weel."

27. *fond*, loving, as in Gray's *Elegy*, No. 36. 89, "On some fond breast the parting soul relies." Contrast the use in No. 26. 46, "The fond complaint."

wae, sorrowful, adj., as in No. 11. 22, "Women and bairns are heartless and wae."

46. *John Anderson, my jo, John*

THE title-line is old, but the rest of this exquisitely simple song is by Burns.

4. *brent*. A frequent epithet of 'brow' in Scottish literature. Jamieson says that "it is undoubtedly misapplied by Burns, when he contrasts it with *bald*." It seems to mean 'high, straight, upright.'

7. *pow*, 'head'; the same word as the English *poll*.

8. ja, sweetheart. "It seems to be merely Fr. *jogé, joie*, used in the same manner as *mon joie*, as a term of endearment, equivalent to darling, my love, etc." (Jamieson).

11. canty. Cp. No. 42. 28, "crouse and canty."

47. *I'm wearing awa', Jean*

CAROLINE OLIPHANT, afterwards Lady NAIRN (1766-1845), won fame as a writer of humorous ballads, Jacobite songs, and songs of sentiment and domestic pathos. "In her *Land o' the Leal, Laird o' Cockpen*, and *Callar Herria*, she is hardly, if at all, second to Burns himself. . . . Lady Nairn ranks with Hogg in her Jacobite songs, but in several she stands first and alone. Nothing in the language surpasses the exuberant buoyancy of *Charlie is my darling*, the swift triumphant movement of *The Hundred Pipers* and the wail of forlorn desolation in *Will ye no' come back again?*" (T. Bayne in *Dictionary of Nat. Biography*). The *Land o' the Leal* was sent in 1798 by Lady Nairn to her friend Mrs. Campbell Colquhoun, the sister of Scott's 'Willie Erskine,' who had lost her first-born child.

Metre.—The song was probably written 'by ear' to go with the tune for which it was composed, and it is hardly reducible to metrical rules. The prevailing foot is an anapaest, for which, as is customary in English anapaestic verse, an iambus is sometimes substituted. But several lines—e.g. "Now fare ye weel my ain Jean"—either contain an extra foot or break the rule generally laid down that three unaccented syllables must never come together in English verse.

48. *Ye distant spires, ye antique towers*

GRAY's *Eton Ode* owes its undying popularity partly to its pleasant description of boy-life and partly to its epigrammatic conclusion. Its profound melancholy has often escaped notice. It was written at Stoke, August 1742, two months after the death of West, and whilst the poet was still estranged from Walpole. "Of the four members of the Quadruple Alliance, as they were called at Eton—Gray, Walpole, Ashton, and West—West was the one friend who was left to Gray in '42,—and when he died Gray must have felt very isolated" (Tovey).

Metre.—The same ten-line stanza is used by Gray in his *Ode on the Spring* (No. 31).

3. *Science*, knowledge, as in No. 35. 50, and No. 36. 119, "Fair science frown'd not on his humble birth."

4. "King Henry the Sixth, founder of the College" (G.). Cp. *The Bard* (No. 8. 90), "the meek usurper's holy head."

12. **in vain.** Here "Gray permits himself to refer to the constant pressure of regret for his lost friends; the fields are beloved in vain, and in Wordsworth's exquisite phrase he turns to share the rapture—ah, with whom?" (E. Gosse). For this association of "fields beloved" with the memory of a dead friend we may compare Cowley's poem *On the death of Mr. William Hervey* (G.T., cxxxvii.)—the stanza beginning "Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,"—and Matthew Arnold's poem of *Thyrsis*.

13. **careless, free from care.**

19. "'And bees their honey redolent of Spring,' Dryden's *Fable on the Pythagorean System*" (G.).

21. "His supplication to father Thames, to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself" (Dr. Johnson). Two sentences may be quoted from Mr. Tovey's admirable answer to the great critic: "The invocation itself and the question are mere conventions; and the poetic truth in Gray seems to be, but is not, subordinate."

23. **margent green.** The phrase occurs in Milton, *Comus*, 232, "By slow Meander's margent green."

29. In the Pembroke MS. the line runs, "To chase the hoop's elusive speed"—a reading which Mr. Tovey prefers: he thinks that Gray departed from it only because he wanted to use the phrase, "elusive speed," in his tragedy of *Agrippina*.

30. **the flying ball.** It is disputed whether the reference is to cricket or 'trap-bat-and-ball.'

32. **murmuring labours ply,** i.e. say over their lessons to themselves.

33. **'gainst,** as a preparation for hours in class.

36. **reign,** realm, as in the *Elegy* (No. 36. 12), "her ancient solitary reign." The adventurers are going 'out of bounds.'

38. **still,** always.

42. **pleasing and possess** agree grammatically with *hope*, but in thought with the object of hope.

43. **the tear,** etc. Cp. T. Moore in *The Light of Other Days* (G.T., cclxix.):

"The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years."

45. **buxom.** For a full note on the history of this word see Hales, *Longer English Poems*, note on *L'Allegro*, l. 24. It is the A.S. *bocsum*, i.e. *bow-some*, flexible, pliant. In Chaucer and Spenser it means 'yielding,' 'obedient.' Later came the

meaning of 'brisk,' 'lively,' which the word bears in Shakespeare, *Pericles*, I. i. 23, in *L'Allegro*, and here.

47. *cheer*, expression of the face. Cp. "All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer," *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, III. ii. 96. Originally *cheer* meant the face itself.

55. 'em. "This abbreviation of *them*, or perhaps a survival of the O.E. *com* is now a vulgarism or only used colloquially, but Gray printed it thus to avoid the unmusical sound of the *d* and *th*; and he has it in *Agrippina*:—"He perchance may heed 'em'" (Bradshaw).

61. *these*, *this* (71), *those* (75) = 'some,' 'others.'

68. *Envy wan* and *faded care*. The expressions have been traced to Milton: "With praise enough for *Envy* to look *wan*" (*Sonnet to H. Lawes*), "*care* Sat on his *faded* cheek" (*Paradise Lost*, I. 601-2).

69. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, I. i. 9, "*Grim-visaged war*," and *Comedy of Errors*, V. i. 80, "*grim* and *comfortless* despair."

79. "Madness laughing in his ireful mood," Dryden's *Palamon and Arcite*, II. 581" (G.).

83. *family*, in the sense of the Latin *familia*, not progeny, but household attendants. Cp. Dryden, *State of Innocence*, V. 1, "With all the numerous family of Death." "The ministers of Fate vex the soul: if man escapes these, more inevitably the ministers of Death vex the body, and the frame *must* yield to 'slow-consuming Age,' which appropriately comes last" (Tovey).

84. *queen*. "Death is always masculine in the English poets. Gray may have had *pallida mors* in his mind, and Hela, the Goddess of Death" (Bradshaw). One of the greatest of modern English painters, Mr. G. F. Watts, has always represented Death as a female figure.

89. "But while including Poverty among physical evils, Gray cannot forget that she is also an evil to the mind. Cp. *Elegy* [No 36. 51-2]:

'Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul'" (Tovey).

99. Cp. Blake's *Cradle Song* (No. 30. 15-16), "When thy little heart doth wake, Then the dreadful light shall break," and the quotation from Sophocles given in the note to that passage. Mr. Tovey quotes from Montaigne: "A quoy faire la cognoissance des choses, si nous en devenons plus lasches? si nous en perdons le repos et la tranquillité où nous serions sans cela?" ("Why acquire knowledge of things if we become thereby more sorrowful? if we thereby lose the repose and tranquillity which we should enjoy without it?")

49. *O happy shades! to me unblessed*

"WRITTEN in 1773, towards the beginning of Cowper's second attack of melancholy madness—a time when he altogether gave up prayer, saying, 'For him to implore mercy would only anger God the more.' Yet had he given it up when sane, it would have been *maior insania* [greater madness]" (F.T.P.).

"Bounded on one side by the Ho-brook, a diminutive stream that crosses the road about midway between Olney and Weston, is a long narrow plantation, called locally the First Spinnie, but better known to readers of Cowper as the Shrubbery. It is threaded by a winding path, and in its midst stood the rustic hut or 'moss-house,' a favourite haunt of Cowper, which had on one side of it a weeping willow, and in front a beautiful circular sheet of water"—*Wright's Life of Cowper*, p. 357.

19. *secret, far-withdrawn, secluded*, the original sense of the word. With the thought of this stanza cp. Wordsworth's beautiful sonnet on the Trossachs, "There's not a nook within this solemn Pass" (*G.T.*, CCCXXVI.).

50. *Daughter of Jove, relentless power*

WRITTEN at Stoke, August 1742, in the same month as the *Eton Ode* (No. 48) and in the same sad mood. It is the one poem of Gray, with the exception of the *Elegy*, to which Johnson gives unqualified praise:—"Of the *Ode on Adversity* the hint was at first taken from *O Diva, gratum quae regis Antium* [Horace, *Odes*, i. xxv.]; but Gray has excelled his original by the veracity of his sentiments and by their moral application. Of this piece, at once poetical and rational, I will not, by slight objections, violate the dignity." To the encomium of Johnson we may add the tribute which Wordsworth, consciously or unconsciously, paid to this poem when he wrote his own *Ode to Duty* (*G.T.*, CCLII.). That Ode, which is sometimes regarded as the high-water mark of Wordsworth's genius, shows the influence of Gray in its first and last stanzas.

Metre.—Observe the effect of the concluding Alexandrine, i.e. line of six feet, in adding weight and solemnity to the stanza.

1. *Daughter of Jove*. Explained by the motto which Gray prefixed to the Ode:

Ζῆνα . . .
τὸν φρονεῖν βροτῶν ὁδὸν
σαντα, τῷ πάθει μάθην
θεῖρα κυπλὸς ἔχει. (*Aeschylus, Agamemnon*, 176.)

("Zeus, who prepared for men
The path of wisdom, binding fast
Learning to suffering." *Lewis Campbell*.)

3. Cp. "when the *scourge* Inexorably, and the *torturing hour* Calls us to penance," Milton, *Paradise Lost*, II. 90. Two other phrases in this stanza recall *Paradise Lost* :

"In *adamantine chains* and penal fire."—*P.L.*, I. 48.

"Strange horror seize thee, and *pangs* *unfelt before*."

—*P.L.*, II. 703.

7. *purple tyrants*. Horace's *Purpurei metuunt tyranni* (Tyrants clad in purple fear thee), *Odes*, I. xxxv. 12.

10. *design'd*, purposed.

11. *birth*, abstract for concrete, 'child.'

13. *lore*, instruction.

16. Cp. Dido's fine saying in Virgil, *Aeneid*, I. 630, *Non ignara mali miseris succurrere disco* (Not ignorant of sorrow myself I learn to assist the sorrowful). Also cp. Pope, *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, 45-46,

"So perish all whose breasts ne'er *learn'd* to glow

For others' good, or *melt* at others' woe."

With the whole of this second stanza cp. Bacon's remarks in *Essay* v. on the connection between Adversity and Virtue.

18. Cp. Milton, *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, CXLV. 1-2),

"Hence, vain deluding Joys,

The brood of *Folly* without father bred !

21. *light*, predicative adj. in place of adv., lightly.

22. *summer friend*. The expression is found in George Herbert's *Answer*, "like summer friends, Flies of estates and sunshine." Mr. Tovey thinks that this is coincidence, and that Gray's original is rather Shakespeare, *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 79, "For men, like butterflies, Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer." Cp. Gray's own lines in *The Bard* (No. 8. 69-70),

"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?

—Gone to salute the rising morn."

25. Cp. *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, CXLV. 16), "O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue."

28. Cp. *Il Penseroso* (*G.T.*, CXLV. 43), of the eyes of Melancholy—"till With a sad *lead*en downward cast Thou fix them on the earth as fast." "The form of Gray's phrase is after Dryden's *Cymon and Iphigenia*, 57, 'And stupid eyes that ever loved the ground.' Both in Dryden and Gray there is a reminiscence of the use of *amare* for to cling to, to be constantly fastened to, as in Horace's *Anatque Janua limen*" (Tovey).

30. **Charity.** The conception of Charity here is less exalted than in *1 Corinthians*, XIII., but it has hardly suffered the complete degeneration of meaning that has too often overtaken it in modern speech.

32. Opposite this line in the Pembroke MS. Gray wrote *ἡ γλυκύδακρυς* (sweet in her tears). The word is an epithet of *Epws*, Love, in the Greek poet, Meleager.

35. **Gorgon terrors.** Cp. *Paradise Lost*, II. 611, "Medusa with Gorgonian terror guards the ford." The Gorgons, in Greek mythology, were three sisters of frightful aspect, whose heads were covered with snakes instead of hair. Medusa, the most famous of the three, was supposed to turn to stone any mortal who looked upon her face.

36. **vengeful band.** The Eumenides or Furies of Greek mythology. They were not limited in number by Aeschylus or Euripides, though later poets made them three and named them. Gray here gives them names to suit his love of personifications. With this 'vengeful band' cp. the 'baleful train' and 'griously troop' of the *Eton Ode*, No. 48. 55-90.

43. **philosophic train**, in contrast with the 'vengeful band.' If Gray had particularized, we should have had such figures as Milton set in attendance upon Melancholy (*Il Penseroso*, G.T., CXLV. 45-55), 'Peace' and 'Quiet', 'spare Fast', 'the cherub Contemplation' and 'the mute Silence.'

45, 46. In allusion to his estrangement from Walpole.

51. *I am monarch of all I survey*

ALEXANDER SELKIRK, a Scottish sailor, was left on the uninhabited island of Juan Fernandez in 1704 in consequence of a quarrel with the captain of his ship. He remained there till 1709, when he attracted the attention of an English ship, the *Duke*, commanded by Captain Woodes Rogers, and was taken on board. His adventures were described in Captain Rogers' *Cruising Voyage round the World*, 1712, in another book of travels published the same year, and in a pamphlet called *Providence Displayed, or a surprising Account of one Alexander Selkirk*. Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe* was doubtless suggested by the published narratives, though in detail it owes little to them.

It is interesting to compare with the simplicity of Cowper's verses the ornate passage in which Tennyson pictures the solitude of Enoch Arden. Each poem is excellent in its own very different style.

Metre.—Anapaestic lines of three accents. The first anapaest is sometimes shortened to an iambus.

6. *sages*. Cp. A. Marvell's *Thoughts in a Garden* (G. T., cxxlii); and Cowley's lines:

"O solitude, first state of humankind
Which blest remained till man did find
Even his own helper's company:
As soon as two alas! together joined
The serpent made up three."

But one of the greatest of sages, Aristotle, has said that society is essential to man; to be independent of it one must be *ἢ θηρίον ἢ θεός*, 'either brute or God,' either less than man or more than man (*Politics*, i. ii. 14).

7. Cp. the words of Achilles when Odysseus met him in Hades: "Rather would I live on ground as the hireling of another, with a landless man who had no great livelihood, than bear away among all the dead that be departed" (Homer, *Odyssey*, xi. 491, trans. Butcher and Lang).

17. Cp. Aristotle, *Ethics*, viii. i. 3 (trans. Peters): "Love seems to be implanted by nature in the parent towards the offspring, and in the offspring towards the parent, not only among men, but also among birds and in most animals; and in those of the same race towards one another, among men especially—for which reason we commend those who love their fellowmen. And when one travels one may see how man is always akin to and dear to man."

19. Cp. *Psalms*, lv. 6, "O that I had wings like a dove."

24. *sallies*, properly 'leapings'—French *sailir* from Lat. *salire*, 'to leap'; specially used of 'outbursts of animal spirits.' So Swift wrote: "Some *sallies* of levity ought to be imputed to youth."

After this line Mr. F. T. Palgrave excised a stanza which develops more fully the thought of l. 22.

33. *fleet*. Cp. Virgil's *animum celerem* (*Aeneid*, iv. 285) finely rendered by Tennyson in the *Passing of Arthur*, "This way and that dividing the swift mind."

52. *Mary! I want a lyre with other strings*

"THE Editor would venture to class in the very first rank this Sonnet, which, with cciv., records Cowper's gratitude to the Lady whose affectionate care for many years gave what sweetness he could enjoy to a life radically wretched. Petrarch's sonnets have a more ethereal grace and a more perfect finish; Shakespeare's more passion; Milton's stand supreme in stateliness; Wordsworth's in depth and delicacy. But Cowper's unites with an exquisiteness in the turn of thought which the Ancients would have called Irony, an intensity of pathetic tenderness peculiar to

his loving and ingenuous nature. There is much mannerism, much that is unimportant or of now exhausted interest in his poems; but where he is great, it is with that elementary greatness which rests on the most universal human feelings. Cowper is our highest master in simple pathos" (F.T.P.).

Cowper said that his poem *On the receipt of my Mother's Picture out of Norfolk* had given him more pleasure in the writing than any other, with one exception. "That one was addressed to a lady who has supplied to me the place of my own mother,—my own invaluable mother,—these six and twenty years." This Sonnet to Mrs. Unwin is the poem to which he thus refers. He had become an inmate of her house at Huntingdon in 1785, and he was never separated from her till her death in 1796.

Metre.—See the appendix on the sonnet in the present editor's edition of *Golden Treasury*, Book IV. Cowper's Sonnet follows the Petrarchan model, used by Milton.

2. *feign'd*. In allusion to poetic invocations of the Muse.

5. *shed my wings*. In contrast with Horace, who playfully represents his attainment of poetic immortality under the figure of turning into a swan (*Odes*, II. xx.), Cowper speaks more modestly of his poetic wings as if they were only his as long as he continued to write.

9. *a Book*. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works" (*Revelation*, xx. 12). Very beautiful reference to the same 'Book' is made in another English sonnet—Leigh Hunt's on *Abou Ben Adhem*.

53. *The twentieth year is well-nigh past*

"*CETTE* tendre et incomparable plainte, écrite avec des larmes" (This tender and incomparable lament, written with tears)—Sainte-Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi*.

"Presently we reached the same poet's stanzas to Mary Unwin. He read them, yet could barely read them, so deeply was he touched by their tender, their almost agonizing pathos."—*Personal Recollections of Tennyson*, by F. T. Palgrave, in *Tennyson's Life*, II. 501.

Written in 1793. "Still he exerted himself as much as it was possible for any person to do in such a state of mind; indeed no other case has been recorded of such a continued struggle against insanity. He sought relief in employment, in exercise, in improving his garden and orchard, in the society of those whom he loved, whenever it could be obtained, and sometimes, it appears,

whenever his malady did not preclude him from that resource, in prayer. These persevering efforts might perhaps have again availed for a while, as they had formerly done, had it not been for the melancholy spectacle, which was now continually before him, of his dear companion's increasing infirmities of body and of mind. About this time it was that he addressed to her one of the most touching, and certainly the most widely known of all his poems, for it has been read by thousands and tens of thousands who have never perused the *Task*, nor perhaps seen, or heard of, any other of his works. Hayley believed it to be the last original piece which he produced at Weston, and says, he questioned whether any language on earth can exhibit a specimen of verse more exquisitely tender."—Southey, *Life of Cowper*, ch. 17.

1. **twentieth year.** Cowper had suffered from a severe attack of his malady in 1773. It was really the second attack, but it was the first after he had gone to live with the Unwins.

10. **heretofore**, up to this point of time, as *adhuc* in Latin and 'hitherto' in English are used of time as well as of place.

18. **magic art.** In ancient incantations threads were often bound round the image of the person whose love it was sought to bind: cp. Virgil, *Eclogue* viii. 73.

25. **auburn bright**, practically a compound adj. like Collins' 'dim-discovered' (No. 35. 37). The double epithet, in which the two adjectives do not modify each other's meaning, is different: e.g. 'genial loved' and 'gradual dusk' in No. 35.

54. *Obscurest night involved the sky*

"COWPER'S last original poem, founded upon a story told in Anson's *Voyages*. It was written, March 1799; he died in next year's April" (F.T.P.). The story of Cowper's life at the time the *Castaway* was composed may best be read in Southey's moving narrative (*Life of Cowper*, ch. 18).

"If we try to discover what it is that gives the poem its intense pathos, we shall find that this is chiefly produced by the studied simplicity of the language, the absence of rhetoric or metaphor, the calmness of the narrator—a calmness of despair. The whole poem, except the last stanza, is a description of the agonies of the drowning man; but the key-note is struck in the third line, and we are conscious all along it is himself that Cowper is describing; he is the 'destined wretch,' the hopeless, helpless, friendless castaway."—F. Storr.

The passage in Anson's *Voyage Round the World* (ch. 8) runs as follows: "But in less than twenty-four hours we were attacked by another storm still more furious than the former; for it proved

a perfect hurricane, and reduced us to the necessity of lying to under our bare poles. As our ship kept the wind better than any of the rest, we were obliged in the afternoon to wear ship, in order to join the squadron to the leeward, which otherwise we should have been in danger of losing in the night. And as we dared not venture any sail abroad, we were obliged to make use of an expedient, which answered our purpose; this was putting the helm a weather, and manning the fore shrouds. But though this method proved successful for the end intended, yet in the execution of it, one of our ablest seamen was canted overboard; and notwithstanding the prodigious agitation of the waves, we perceived that he swam very strong, and it was with the utmost concern that we found ourselves incapable of assisting him; and we the more grieved at his unhappy fate, since we lost sight of him struggling with the waves, and conceived from the manner in which he swam, that he might continue sensible for a considerable time longer, of the horror attending his irretrievable situation."

3. *destined*, 'doomed,' a rare use of the word.

7. *Albion*, an old name for England, found in Pliny's *Natural History*, iv. xxx., and often used by the English poets. It is said to be derived from the white cliffs of Kent and Sussex.

19. *had*, i.e. would have.

52. *Anson*, George, Lord Anson, 1697-1762; sailed round the world, 18th Sept., 1740—15th June, 1744; defeated the French fleet off Finisterre, 3rd May, 1747.

56. *Descanting*, making observations, commenting. Cp. Shakespeare, *Richard III.*, i. i. 27, "to spy my shadow in the sun And *descant* on mine own deformity." It is properly a musical term, 'to play or sing an air in harmony with a fixed theme.'

61. Cp. *Matthew*, viii. 26.

55. *In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining*

"VERY little except his name appears recoverable with regard to the author of this truly noble poem, which appeared in the *Scriptorapologia*, or *Collins' Doggerel Dish of All Sorts*, with three or four other pieces of merit, Birmingham, 1804" (F.T.P.). Of all the other poems in this book we may say that their reputation rests securely on the judgment of the world of letters, although in many or all cases the *Golden Treasury* has widely extended the circle of their admirers. It seems only fair to the student to point out that this poem, rescued from oblivion by the judgment of one critic, stands on a somewhat different level. Some account of John Collins' life—he was an actor and

reciter—will be found in the *Dictionary of Nat. Biography*. He died in 1808.

With the feeling shown in this poem compare Herrick's *Thanksgiving to God for His House*, beginning "Lord, thou hast given me a cell Wherein to dwell."

Metre.—Anapaestic. Four accents in the first, three in the second, line of each couplet. An iambus is sometimes substituted for the first anapaest. Some of the lines have an unaccented syllable which gives them a trochaic or 'feminine' ending.

5. *pad-pony*, an easy paced pony. *Pad* is connected with *path*, and a *pad-pony* is properly a pony for riding on roads. Cp. the expression 'roadster,' used of a horse or bicycle.

15. *Nabob*. This name was given by the English in the eighteenth century to those of their countrymen who had acquired large fortunes in India and returned to England to spend them. These men became very unpopular from their ostentatious display of wealth. See the account of them in Macaulay's *Essay on Clive*.

19. Cp. W. Collins' *Ode to Evening*, No. 35. 3, and S. Rogers in No. 36. 3-4.

28. *thread*. Cp. Milton's *Lycidas* (*G. T.*, LXXXIX. 75), "Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears And slits the *thin-spun* life."

32. *Everlasting*. "Used with side-allusion to a cloth so named at the time when Collins wrote" (F.T.P.).

56. *Life ! I know not what thou art*

ANNA LAETITIA AIKIN (Mrs. BARBAULD), 1743-1825, was a notable figure in English life at the close of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century. Her *Female Speaker*, a collection of 'elegant extracts' for young ladies, was a real educational force for many years; and her brother's *Evenings at Home*, to which she contributed, has not yet exhausted its usefulness. Her high-water mark in original poetry is reached in the beautiful lines which Mr. F. T. Palgrave excerpted from her *Ode to Life*—lines which are said to have attracted the admiration of Wordsworth. We have seen the gentle melancholy of Gray and Collins deepen into the settled gloom of Cowper's last utterances. It is well that in its last two poems the Third Book of the *Golden Treasury* should end upon a happier note.

GLOSSARY OF SCOTTISH WORDS IN BOOK THIRD.

a', all.
abeigh, aside.
aboon, above.
acquaint, acquainted.
ae, one.
aff, off.
aft, oft.
a-gley, askew, awry.
a hame, at home.
ain, own.
airt, quarter.
an', and.
ance, once.
ane, one.
anither, another.
asklent, askance.
atween, between.
auld, old.
awa, away.

baillie, alderman.
baith, both.
bandsters, sheaf-binders.
beastie, diminutive of beast.
belang, belong to.
bickering, hurrying.
bide, endure.
big, build.
bigonet, little cap.
birk, birch.
bit, small.
blaw, blow.
bleer't, bleared.
blin', blind.
blins, blinds.
bluidy, bloody.
blume, bloom.
bogle, ghost

'bout, about.
braes, slopes.
braid, broad.
brak, broke.
brattle, scamper.
braw, smart.
breastie, diminutive of breast.
brent, straight.
bughts, sheepfolds.
but, without.
button gown, gown with buttons.

caller, fresh.
canna, cannot.
canty, gay.
carena, care not.
cauld, cold.
clamb, climbed.
cleaving, cleft.
coost, cast, carried.
cow'rin', cowering.
cozie, cosy.
craig, crag.
cranreuch, hoar-frost.
crown, crown, five shillings.
crouse, blithe.

daffin', joking.
daimen-icker, an oddear of corn.
daurna, dare not.
dearie, sweetheart.
dee, die.
dell, devil.
dool, mourning.
doun, down.
dowie, dreary.
drearie, dreary.

dribble, drizzle.
drumlie, muddy.

ee, e'e, eye.
een, eyes.
e'en, even, evening.
eerie, full of fear.
eneuch, enough.

fain, glad.
fareweel, farewell.
fauld, fold.
fause, false.
fant, fault.
fleech, coax, pray.
foggage, after-grass.
fou, merry with drink.
frae, from.
fu', full.

gabbin', jesting.
gaed, went.
gane, gone.
gang, go.
gar, make.
gart, forced, made.
ghaist, ghost.
gie, give.
gin, if.
glint, glance, move quickly.
gloaming, evening twilight.
grat, wept.
greet, weep.
gudeman, husband.
guid, good.

ha', hall.
hae, have.
hald, holding, possession.
hame, home.
har'st, harvest.
haughs, valley meadows.
hecht, promised.
hinging, hanging.
hixie, hussie, jade.
housele, diminutive of house.

ilk, ilka, every.

jo, sweetheart.

knowes, knolla.
kye, kine.

laith, loath.
lane, alone.
langer, longer.
lassie, girl.
lave, remainder.
lav'rock, lark.
lea'e, leave.
leal, faithful.
leggin, milk-pail.
like, likely.
liltin, singing blithely.
linn, waterfall.
live-lang, live-long.
loaning, lane.
lo'e, love.
lowpin', leaping.
luve, love.
lyart, grizzled.

mair, more.
mak', make.
marrow, husband, lover.
maun, must.
mavis, thrush.
minds, reminds, remindest.
miss't, miss it.
mony, many.
muckle, much, large.

na, not.
nae, no.
naething, nothing.
nane, none.
no, not.
noo, now.

o', of.
och!, oh!
ony, any.
o't, of it.
oursels, ourselves.
ower, over.

pattle, plough-staff.
 pleasure, *vb.*, give pleasure to.
 pou'd, pulled.
 pow, head.
 pu'd, pulled.
 pund, pound.

rin, run.
 row, roll.
 runked, wrinkled.

sae, so.
 saft, soft.
 sair, sore, sorely.
 saut, salt.
 scaith, harm.
 scorning, rallying, teasing.
 sha', shall.
 shaw, a small wood in a hollow,
 a spinney.
 shearing, reaping.
 shoon, shoes.
 sic, such.
 silly, feeble.
 simmer, summer.
 skaith, harm.
 skeigh, proud.
 slaes, sloes.
 sleekit, sleek.
 sma', small.
 smoor'd, smothered.
 snaw, snow.
 snell, biting.
 spak, spake.
 stane, stone.
 startle, start.
 staw, stole.
 steer, meddle with.
 stibble, stubble.
 stockins, stockings.
 stoure, struggle.
 stown, stolen.
 syne, then.

tassie, cup.
 tent, guard.
 thegither, together.
 the night, to-night.
 thole, endure.
 thrave, 24 sheaves of corn.
 thraw, throw, twist.
 thy lane, alone.
 troth, truth.
 trow, believe.
 twa, two.
 twined o', parted from.

unco, very.
 unfauld, unfold.
 urgit, urged.

wad, would.
 wae, *subst.*, woe; *adj.*, woful.
 wae'fu', woful.
 wan, won.
 wark, work.
 warid, world.
 wa's, walls.
 wede, weeded.
 wee, little.
 weel, well.
 westlin, western.
 wha, who.
 whase, whose.
 whiles, at times.
 wi', with.
 win's, winds.
 wist, knew.
 wrack, wreck.
 wrang, wrong.

yestreen, yester-night.
 yon, that one.
 younkers, young men.

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